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## The Ever Green

VOLUME FIRST



### The Ever Green

#### A COLLECTION

OF





Wrote by the Ingenious before 1600

#### By ALLAN RAMSAY

Reprinted from the Original Edition

IN TWO VOLUMES VOLUME FIRST

Glasgow

ROBERT FORRESTER, 1 ROYAL EXCHANGE SQUARE 1876



#### THE

# Ever Green,

BEING A

# COLLECTION SCOTS POEMS,

Wrote by the Ingenious before 1600.

#### VOL. I.

Published by ALLAN RAMSAY.

Still green with Bays each ancient Altar stands,
Above the Reach of sacrilegious Hands,
Secure from Flames, from Envys siercer Rage,
Destructive War and all devouring Age.

POPE.



#### EDINBURGH,

Printed by Mr. THOMAS RUDDIMAN for the Publisher, at his Shop, near the Cross. M.DCC.xxiv.





To His GRACE

# JAMES

Duke of HAMILTON, &c.

Captain General,

And the rest of the Honourable Members of the

Royal Company of Archers.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

When the more eminent Concerns of Life, or the agreeable Diversion of the BOW, do not employ your leafure

leafure Time, the following OLD BARDS prefent you with an Intertainment that can never be difagreeable to any Scots Man, who despites the Fopery of admiring nothing but what is either new or foreign, and is a Lover of his Country. Such the Royal Company of Archers are, and such every good Man should strive to be.

THE Spirit of Freedom that shines throw both the serious and comick Performances of our old Poets, appears of a Piece with that Love of Liberty that our antient Heroes contended for, and maintained Sword in Hand. From you then, My Lords and Gentlemen, who take Pleasure to represent our brave Ancestors, these Poets claim Regard and Patronage; they now make a Demand for that Immortal

Fame that tuned their Souls some Hundred Years ago, which is in your Power, by countenancing to bestow. They do not address you with an indigent Face, and a Thousand pityful Apologies, to bribe the good Will of the Criticks. No! 'tis long fince they were superiour to the Spleen of these sources.

EVERY one who has Generofity, and is not byaffed with a miftaken Prejudice, will allow, that good Senfe, fharp Satyre, and witty Mirth, may be express'd with a true Spirit, altho' in antiquated Words and Phrases: When one bestows but a very small Pains to enter into the Authors Manner, then 'tis not to be doubted but the ROYAL COMPANY will receive and approve of these valuable Remains, and have a due Regard to the Memory of these

these meritorious Authors, and accept this Dedication from,

My LORDS and GENTLEMEN,

Their faithful Publisher,

And your most humble

And devoted Servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Edin. Octob. 15. 1724.

\* Artificial style abready consemned.

vii.



### PREFACE.

T Have observed that Readers of the best and most exquisite Discernment frequently complain of our modern Writings, as filled with affected Delicacies and studied Refinements, which they would gladly exchange for that natural Strength of Thought and Simplicity of Stile our Forefathers practifed: To fuch, I hope, the following Collection of Poems will not be displeasing.

When these good old Bards wrote, we had not yet made Use of imported Trimming upon our Cloaths, nor of foreign Embroidery in our Writings. Their Poetry is the Product of their own Country, not pilfered and spoiled in the Transportation from abroad: Their Images are native, and their Landskips domes-

tick; copied from those Fields and Meadows we every Day behold.

The Morning rifes (in the Poets Description) as she does in the Scottish Horizon. We are not carried to Greece or Italy for a Shade, a Stream or a Breeze. The Groves rife in our own Valleys; the Rivers slow from our own Fountains, and the Winds blow upon our own Hills. I find not Fault with those Things, as they are in Greece or Italy: But with a Northern Poet for fetching his Materials from these Places, in a Poem, of which his own Country is the Scene; as our Hymners to the Spring and Makers of Pastorals frequently do.

This Miscellany will likewise recommend itself, by the Diversity of Subjects and Humour it contains. The grave Description and the wanton Story, the Moral Saying and the mirthful Jest, will illustrate and alternately relieve each other.

The Reader whose Temper is spleen'd with the Vices and Follies now in Fashion, may gratiste his Humour with the Satyres he will here sind upon the Follies and Vices that were uppermost two or three

Hundred Years ago. The Man, whose Inclinations are turned to Mirth, will be pleased to know how the good Fellow of a former Age told his jovial Tale; and the Lover may divert himself with the old fashioned Sonnet of an amorous Poet in Q. Margaret and Q. Mary's Days. In a Word, the following Collection will be such another Prospect to the Eye of the Mind, as to the outward Eye is the various Meadow, where Flowers of different Hue and Smell are mingled together in a beautiful Irregularity.

I hope also the Reader, when he dips into these Poems, will not be displeased with this Restection, That he is stepping back into the Times that are past, and that exist no more. Thus the Manners and Customs then in Vogue, as he will find them here described, will have all the Air and Charm of Novelty; and that seldom fails of exciting Attention and pleasing the Mind. Besides, the Numbers, in which these Images are conveyed, as they are not now commonly practised, will appear new and amusing.

The different Stanza and varied Cadence will likewise much sooth and engage the Ear, which in Poetry

Poetry especially must be always stattered. However, I do not expect that these Poems should please every Body, nay the critical Reader must needs find several Faults; for I own that there will be found in these Volumes two or three Pieces, whose Antiquity is their greatest Value; yet still I am perswaded there are many more that shall merit Approbation and Applause than Censure and Blame. The best Works are but a Kind of Miscellany, and the cleanest Corn is not without some Chass, no not after often Winnowing: Besides, Dispraise is the easiest Part of Learning, and but at best the Offspring of uncharitable Wit. Every Clown can see that the Furrow is crooked, but where is the Man that will plow me one straight?

There is nothing can be heard more filly than one's expressing his Ignorance of his native Language; yet such there are, who can vaunt of acquiring a tolerable Perfection in the French or Italian Tongues, if they have been a Forthnight in Paris or a Month in Rome: But shew them the most elegant Thoughts in a Scots Dress, they as disdainfully as stupidly con-

demn

demn it as barbarous. But the true Reason is obvious: Every one that is born never so little superior to the Vulgar, would fain distinguish themselves from them by some Manner or other, and such, it would appear, cannot arrive at a better Method. But this affected Class of Fops give no Uneasiness, not being numerous; for the most part of our Gentlemen, who are generally Masters of the most useful and politest Languages, can take Pleasure (for a Change) to speak and read their own.

It was intended that an Account of the Authors of the following Collection should be given; but not being furnished with such distinct Information as could be wished for that End at present, the Defign is delayed, until the publishing of a Third or Fourth succeeding Volume, wherein the Curious shall be satisfied, in as far as can be gathered, with Relation to their Lives and Characters, and the Time wherein they slourished. The Names of the Authors, as we find them in our Copies, are marked before or after their Poems.

I cannot finish this Preface, without grateful

Acknow-

Acknowledgements to the Honourable Mr. WILLIAM CARMICHAEL, Advocate, Brother to the Earl of Hyndford, who, with an eafy Beneficence, that is inseparable from a superior Mind, assisted me in this Undertaking with a valuable Number of Poems in a large Manuscript-book in Folio, collected and wrote by Mr. George Bannyntine in Anno 1568; from which MS. the most of the following are gathered: And if they prove acceptable to the World, they may have the Pleasure of expecting a great many more, and shall very soon be gratified.





### CHRYSTS-KIRK

OF THE

# GRENE.

--- 83.6 . D.83 ...

I.

WAS nevir in Scotland hard nor fene Sic Dancing and Deray,
Nowthir at Falkland on the Grene,
Nor Pebills at the Play,

As

#### NOTES.

Because we strictly observe the old Orthography, for the more Conveniency of the Readers, we shall note some general Rules at the Bottom of the Page, as they occur, wherein the old Spelling differs from the present, in Words that have nothing else of the Antique, or Difference from the English: But shall refer you to the Glossary at the End of the second Vol. for the Explanation of all of that kind in particular, and of those that are more peculiar to this Nation.

Rule I. Grene, Sene, Clene, &c., Green, Seen, Clean. The double ee is supplied in such Words, commonly with one e before, and another after the Consonant.

As was of Wowers, as I wene,
At Chrysts-Kirk on a Day;
Thair came our Kitties washen clene
In new Kirtills of Gray,
Full gay,
At Chryst-Kirk of the Grene that Day.

#### II.

To danss thir Damysells them dicht,
Thir Lasses licht of Laits:
Thair Gluvis war of the Rassell richt,
Thair Shune war of the Straits;
Thair Kirtills war of Lincome licht,
Weil prest with mony Plaits:
They war sae nyss when Men them nicht,
They squeilt lyke ony Gaits,
Sae loud, at, &c. that Day.

III. OF

Danss, Fenss, Glanss, Dance, Fence, Glance. The ss us'd for the ce often in such Words.

Dicht, Licht, Richt, &c., Dight, Light, Right. The ch in fuch Words always us'd in Place of the gh.

Gluvis, Lufe, Haif, &c., Gloves, Love, Have. The f and w indifferently made use of in those and the like Words.

Shune, Mune, Sune, &c., Shoon (or Shoes), Moon, Soon, the double oo never found in fuch Words. Sometimes they are spell'd, Sone, Mone; but in those, as in many others, we have endeavour'd to fix the Orthography to the most frequent Manner.

#### III.

Or all thir Maidens myld as meid,
Was nane fae jimp as Gillie:
As ony Rose her Rude was reid,
Her Lyre was lyke the Lillie.
Fow zellow, zellow was her Heid;
But scho of Luse sae filly,
Thocht all hir Kin had sworn hir Deid,
Scho wald haif but sweit Willie
Alane, at Chryst-Kirk, &c. that Day.

#### IV.

Scho skornit Jok and skrapit at him, And murgeont him with Mokks, He wald haif luvit, scho wald not lat him, For all his zellow Lokks.

He

Weil, Deid, Heid, Meid, &c., Well, Dead, Head, Mead. The Dipthong ei us'd in many fuch Words as now require e, ea and ee.

Sae, Wae, Mae, Nane, Wald, &c., So, Wo, Moe, None, Would. The a and ae in Place of o and oe, except in those Words, Ony, Mony, which are the reverse.

Nys, Wys, Byt, Hyd, Myld, Lyk, &c., Nice, Wise, Bite, Hide, Mild, Like. Our not founding the i as the English do, accounts very well for our Elders spelling all words with a y of such a Sound.

He chereift hir, scho bad gae chat him,
Scho compt him not twa Clokks:
Sae schamefully his schort Goun set him,
His Limms wer lyk twa Rokks,
Scho said at, &c. that Day.

V.

THOM LUTAR was thair Menstral meit,
O Lord! as he could lanss:
He playt sae schill, and sang sae sweet,
Quhyle Towsie tuke a Transs.
Auld Lightfute thair he did forleit,
And countersittet Franss;
He us'd himself as Man discreit,
And up tuke Moreis Danss,
Full loud, at, &c. that Day.

VI. THEN

Sang, Lang, Band, Thrang, &c., Song, Long, Bond, Throng. The a is us'd in place of o.

Tuke, Blude, Gude, Luke, Fule, Shute, &c., Took, Blood, Good, Look, Fool, Shoot.

Quhyle, Quhat, Quho, Quhyt, &c., While, What, Who, White. The qu is always us'd for the German w, when an h immediately follows. See Mr. Ruddiman's Gloffary to Gavin Douglas's Virgil.

Auld, Bauld, &c., Old, Bold. Here in many fuch Words the Scots fpell with au in Place of the English o.

#### VI.

THEN Steven came stepand in with Stends,
Nae Rynk micht him arreist:

Platestute he bobbit up with Bends,
For Mald he maid Request.

He lap till he lay on his Lends;
But rysand was sae preist,
Quhyle that he hoistit at baith Ends,
For honour of the Feist,
And danst, at, &c. that Day.

VII. SYNE

Stepand, Rysand, &c., Stepping, Rising; and is frequently the Sign of the Participle of the Present Tense; sometimes an and in instead of the modern ing.

Stevin, Stepand, Stends, as before, Lasses licht of Laits, and generally through all, our antient Bards endeavour to add a delicate and artful Smoothness to their Verse, by a Flow of Words that begin with the same initial Letters. No Poets of any Language ever pursued that Manner so close, or succeeded so well. Dryden and Waller, and some others of our best Moderns, in their Versisication, seem to admire that Beauty.

When Man on many multiply'd his Kind. Dryd.

And, Oh! how I long my tender Limbs to lay. Wal.

One cannot help fmiling to hear the Writer of Mr. Waller's Life fay, That this Way of throwing off a Verse easily was sirst introduced by him.

#### VII.

SYNE Robene Roy begoud to revell,
And Dawny to him druggit.

Let be, quoth Jok, and cawd him Jevell,
And be the Tail him tuggit.

The Kensie cleikit to a cavell;
But, Lord, than how they luggit.

Thay partit manly with a Nevell;
I trow that Hair was ruggit

Betwix them, at, &c. that Day.

#### VIII.

Ane bent a Bow, fic Sturt coud steir him, Grit Skayth wesd to haif skard him: He cheist a Flane as did affeir him; The toder said, Dirdum, dardum:

Throw

Begoud, Beuk, Clam, Keiß, &c., Began, or did begin, did bake, did climb, did cast. Our old Authors have a great many of such Preterites of Verbs, most of which continue amongst us still.

Toder, Fader, Bruder, Moder, Hider, &c., That other, Father, Brother, Mother, Hither. The d is frequently us'd for th in fuch Words.

Throw baith the Cheiks he thocht to cheir him,
Or throw the Erss haif chard him.
Be ane Akerbraid it came not neir him,
I can not tell quhat mard him
Thair at, &c. that Day.

#### IX.

WITH that a Freynd of his cry'd fy,
And up an Arrow drew;
He forgit it fae furiously,
The Bow in Flenders flew:
Sae was the Will of God, trow I;
For had the Tree been trew,
Men faid that kend his Archery,
He wald haif slain enow
At Chryst-Kirk on the Grene that Day.

#### X.

Ane hasty Hensure callit Hary, Quha was an Archer heynd, Tytt up a Taikle withouten tary, That torment sae him teynd. I wat not quhidder his Hand coud vary,
Or the Man was his Freynd;
For he eschapit throw Michts of Mary,
As Man that nae Ill meind,
But Gude, at Chryst-Kirk on the Grene that Day.

#### XI.

THAN Lowry lyk a Lyon lap,
And sone a Flane can fedder;
He hecht to perse him at the Pap,
Thereon to wed a Weddir.
He hit him on the Wame a Wap,
It buft lyk ony Bledder:
But swa his Fortune was and Hap,
His Doublet made of Ledder,
Saift him, at, &c. that Day.

#### XII.

A zaip zung Man that stude him neist, Lousd aff a Schot with Yre; He ettlit the Bern in at the Breist, The Bolt slew owre the Byre,

Ane

Zellow, Zaip, Zung, Zier, Zou, &c., Yellow, Yap, Young, Year, You.

Ane cryd, Fy, he had slain a Priest,
A Myle bezond a Myre.
Then Bow and Bag frae him he keist,
And sled as fers as Fyre
Frae Flint, at, &c. that Day.

#### XIII.

With Forks and Flails, thay lent grit Flaps,
And flang togidder lyk Friggs:
With Bowgars of Barns thay beft blew Kapps,
Quhyle thay of Berns maid Briggs.
The Reird raife rudely with the Rapps,
Quhen Rungs war laid on Riggs:
The Wyfis came forth with Crys and Clapps,
Lo, quhair my Lyking liggs,
Quoth thay, at, &c. that Day.

#### XIV.

THAY girnit and lute gird with Grains, Ilk Goffip uder greivt: Sum flrak with Stings, fum gaddert Stains, Sum fled and ill mischevt.

The

The Menstral wan within twa Wains, That Day full weil he preivt: For he came hame with unbirs'd Bains, Quhair Fechtairs war mischeivt, For evir, at, &c. that Day.

#### XV.

HEICH Hutchon with a Hiffil Ryss,

To red can throw them rummill;
He muddillt them down lyk ony Myss,
He was nae Baity bummill.

Thocht he was wicht, he was nocht wyss,
With sic Jangleurs to jummill;
For frae his Thoume they dang a Sklyss,
Quhyle he cry'd Barlafummill,
I am slain, at, &c. this Day.

#### XVI.

Quhen that he faw his blude fae reid,
To fle might nae Man let him,
He weind it had been for auld feid,
He thocht ane cry'd, Haif at him.

He gart his Feit defend his Heid,
The far fairer it set him;
Quhyl he was past out of all pleid,
They sould bene swift that gat him
Throw Speid, at, &c. that Day.

#### XVII.

THE Town-Soutar in Grief was bowdin,
His Wyfe hang at his Waist;
His Body was in Blude all browdin,
He graint lyk ony Ghaist.
Her Glitterand Hair that was sae gowden,
Sae hard in Lufe him laist,
That for her Saik he was not zowden,
Seven Myle that he was chaist,
And mair, &c. that Day.

#### XVIII.

THE Millar was of manly Mak,
To meit him was nae Mows,
There durst not Ten cum him to tak,
Sae noytit he thair Pows.

The Buschment hale about him brak,
And bikkert him with Bows,
Syne traytorly behind his Bak,
They hewt him on the Hows,
Behind, at, &c. that Day.

#### XIX.

Twa that war Herdmen of the Herd,
On udder ran lyk Rams,
Then followit Feymen, richt unaffeird,
Bet on with Barrow trams,
But quhair thair Gobs thay war ungeird,
They gat upon the Gams;
Quhyl bludy berkit war thair Baird,
As they had worriet Lamms,
Maift lyk, at, &c. that Day.

XX. THE

Hewt him on the Hows, Hew'd or cut him down, by firiking him behind on the Houghs or Hams.

Cum, Sum, &c., Come, Some. The u in Place of o.

Lamms, Thorwee, Dum, &c., Lambs, Thumb, Dumb. The b
feldom made Use of in such Words.

#### XX.

THE Wyves keift up a hideous Zell,
Quhen all thir Zounkers zokkit,
Als fers as ony Fyre-flauchts fell;
Freiks to the Feilds they flokit.
The Carlis with Clubs did uder quell,
Quhyl Blude at Breists out bokit;
Sae rudely rang the common Bell,
That all the Steipill rokkit
For reid, at Chrysts-Kirk on the Grene that Day.

#### XXI.

Quhen thay had beirt lyk baitit Bulls, And branewod brynt in Bails, They wer as meik as ony Mulis, That mangit ar with Mails.

For

Mulis, Mules. In several Words like this, where an i goes between an l and another Consonant, we are to pronounce short, as Mules, not Mulis.

Mangit ar with Mails, Maim'd with Burdens.

Flawchtir Fails, Turf that Country People flea for covering Houses.

Haild the Dulis, is a Phrase us'd at Foot Ball, or such Games, where
the Party that gains the Dule or Goal is said to hail it, or win the
Game.

For Faintness thae forfochtin Fulis,
Fell down lyk flauchtir Fails:
Fresh Men came in and hail'd the Dulis,
And dang them down in Dails,
Bedene, at, &c. that Day.

#### XXII.

Quhen all was done, Dik with an Aix,
Came furth to fell a Fudder,
Quod he, quhair are zon hangit Smaiks,
Richt now wald flain my Brudder.
His Wyfe bade him gae hame, Gib Glaiks,
And fae did Meg his Mudder.
He turn'd and gaif them baith their Paiks;
For he durft ding nane udder,
For Feir, at Chryst-Kirk of the Grene that Day.

Finis quod King JAMES I.

The

Fudder, properly a Load, relating to Lead. It is 1600 Pound Weight: in our old Authors it often metaphorically means a great many.



#### 为形为形为形为形为形为形为形为形为形

The Thistle and the Rose,
O'er Flowers and Herbage green,
By Lady Nature chose,
Brave King and lovely Queen.

# P O E M

In Honour of

MARGARET, Daughter to HENRY the VII. of England, Queen to JAMES the IV. King of SCOTS.

I.

Outen Merch with variand Winds was overpast,
And sweit Apryle had with his Silver Showers
Tane Leif of Nature, with an orient Blast,
And lusty May, that Mudder is of Flowrs,
Had maid the Birds begin be tymous Hours;
Amang the tendir Odours reid and quhyt,
Quhois Harmony to heir was grit Delyt.

II. IN

Lusty May, Defireable May. Lusty, through these Poems, is an Epithet frequently us'd in this Sense; also in our Language it expresses Youthful, Blooming, Large, Jolly.

#### II.

In Bed at Morrow, fleiping as I lay,
Methocht Aurora with her Rubie Ene,
In at my Window lukit by the Day,
And halfit me, with Vifage pale and grene,
Upon her Hand a Lark fang frae the Splene,
Luvers, awake out of your Slumbering,
Se how the lufty Morning dois upfpring.

#### III.

METHOCHT fresh May before my Bed upstood,
In Weid depainted of ilk diverse Hew,
Sober, benyng, and full of Mensuetude,
In Bright Atyre of Flours, all forget new,
Of heavenly Colour quhyt, reid, brown and blew,
Balmit in Dew, and gilt with Phebus Beims,
Quhyle all the House ilumynt with her Leims.

#### IV.

SLUGART, fcho faid, awake annon, for Schame,
And in my Honour fumthing thou gae wryte;
The Lark has done, the merry Day proclaim,
Luvers to rais with Comfort and Delyte,
Will nocht increase thy Courage to indyt;
Quhase

Lukit by the Day, Looked in at my Window by Day or the Dawning. Halfit, Hail'd or Saluted.

Mensuetude, Mildness, or good Humour.

Quhase Heart somtyme has glad and blissful bene, Sangs oft to mak under the Brenches grene.

#### V.

QUHERTO, quoth I, fall I upryse at Morrow,
For in thy Month sew Birds haif I hard sing,
Thay haif mair Cause to weip and plein their Sorrow:
Thy Air it is not holsum nor benyng,
Lord Eolus dois in thy Season ring,
Sae bousteous ar the blasts of his shill horn,
Amang thy Bews to walk I haif forborn.

## VI.

WITH that the Lady foberly did fmyle,
And faid, Upryse and do thy Observance:
Thou did promist in Mayis lusty quhyle,
Then to discryve the ROSE of most Plesance.
Go see the Birdis how they sing and dance,
And how the Skyes iluminat ar bricht,
Enamylt richly with new azure Licht.

VII. QUHEN

Do thy Observance, Perform thy Duty or Respects. Here 'tis proper we take notice of the Cadency of such Words; many in that Age being pronounced long that now are expressed short: But our Union with France, and French Auxiliaries so often in Scotland at that Time, can easily account for that Manner of Pronunciation.

## VII.

Quhen this was faid, away then went the Quene,
And entert in a lufty Garden gent;
And then methocht, full haftylie befene,
In Sark and Mantle after her I went
Into this Garth most dulce and redolent,
Of Herb and Flowir, and tender Plants most sweit,
And grene Leivs doing of Dew doun fleit.

## VIII.

The pourpour Sun, with tender Rayis reid,
In orient bricht as Angel did appeir,
Throu golden Skys advancing up his Heid,
Whofe gildet Treffes schone sae wonder cleir,
That all the Warld tuke Comfort far and neir,
To luke upon his fresh and blissful Face,
Doing all sable frae the Heavenis chace.

## IX.

And as the blissful Sun drave up the Sky,
All Nature fang throu Comfort of the Licht;
The Minstrells wingd with open Voyces cry,
O Luvers now is fled the dully Nicht,
Come welcome Day that comforts every Wicht.

Hail May, hail Flora, hail Aurora shene, Hail Princess Nature, hail Luves hartsome Quene.

#### X.

DAME Nature gave an Inhibition ther

To Neptune fers and Eolus the bauld,

Not to perturb the Water nor the Air,

That nowther blashy Shower, nor Blasts mair cauld

Suld Flowirs effray nor Fowles upon the Fauld. Scho bad eik Juno Goddes of the Sky,
That scho the Heaven suld keep amene and dry.

## XI.

Als scho ordaind that every Bird and Beist Before her Hieness suld annone compeir,
And every Flowir of Virtue maist and leist,
And every Herb in fair Feild far and neir,
As they had wont in May frae Yeir to Yeir:
To hir thair Quene to mak Obediens,
Full law inclynand with dew Reverens.

XII. WITH

Obediens and Reverens, as observed before in the Words Observance and Plesance, must be accented long.

## XII.

With that annone scho sent the swift sute Roe,
To bring in alkind Beist frae Dale and Doun,
The restless Swallow ordert scho to go,
And setch all Fowl of small and grit Renown,
And to gar Flowirs appeir of all Fassoun:
Fully craftely conjurit she the Yarrow.
Quhilk did forth swirk as swift as ony Arrow.

## XIII.

All brocht in were, in twynkling of an Ee,
Baith Beist and Bird and Flowir before the Quene,
And first the Lyon greatest of Degre
Was summond ther, and he, fair to be sene,
With a full hardy Countenance and kene,
Before Dam Nature came, and did inclyne,
With Visage bauld, and Courage Leonyne.

XIV. THIS

Courage Leonyne. This perhaps may be fmil'd at, but there's as much Reason to laugh at the modern Phrase of one's looking like himself.

## XIV.

This awful Beift was terrible of Cheir,
Perfing of Luke, and ftout of Countenance,
Right ftrong of Corps, of Fasson fair, bot feir,
Lusty of Shape, licht of Deliverance,
Reid of his Colour, as the Ruby Glance:
In Feild of Gold he stude full rampantly,
With Flowr-de-Lyces circlet plesantly.

## XV.

This Lady liftit up his Cluves fae cleir,
And lute him liftlie lein upon hir Knee,
And crownit him with Diadem full deir,
Of radyous Stanes maist ryall there to fee,
Saying, The King of all Beists mak I thee,

And

If one were to comment and illustrate every poetical Beauty that strikes our Imaginations so agreeably, and come so frequent, he would swell the Notes too much, and rob the Reader of a Pleasure which is his own Property; wherefore such Annotations shall be declined. When Folks are ravished with any Pleasure tho' it be obvious to every By-stander, yet they cannot help expressing what delights them many Times over, when there is not the least Occasion for Information. This was just my Case, on reading this excellent Description of the Lyon and the Scots Arms, never so happily blazoned.

And the Protector cheif in Wodes and Schaws, Go furth, and to thy Leiges keip the Laws.

## XVI.

JUSTICE exerce, with Mercy and Consciens,
And let nae small Beist suffir Skaith nor Skorns,
Of greiter Beists that bein of more Pusiance.
Do Law alyke to Apes and Unicorns,
And lat na Bowgle with his bousteous Horns
Oppress the meik Pluch-Ox, for all his Pryd,
But in the Yok go quietly him besyd.

#### XVII.

When this was faid, with Noyse and Sound of Joy,

All Kynd of Quadrupeds in thair Degree,
Attains cry'd, Laud, and then, Vive le Roy;
Syne at his Feit fell with Humility;
To him they all made Homage and Feiltie;
And he did tham refaif with princely Laits,
Whose noble Yre his Greitness mitigates.

## XVIII.

SYNE crownit fcho the Eagle King of Fowls;
And fharp as Darts of Steil fcho made his Penns,
And bade him be as just to Whawps and Owls,

As unto Peakoks, Papingos, or Crans,
And mak ane Law for wicht Fowls and for Wrens,
And let nae Fowl of Rapine do affray,
Nor Birds devore but his own proper Prey.

## XIX.

THEN callt feho all the Flowirs grew in the Feild,
Diferyving all thair Faffons and Effeirs,
Upon the awfull THISTLE she beheld,
And saw him guarded with a Bush of Speirs,
Considdering him sae able for the Weirs,
A radiant Crown of Rubies scho him gais,
And said, in Feild go forth, and fend the laif.

## XX.

And fen thou art a King, be thou descreit,
Herb without Value hald not of fic Pryce,
As Herb of Vertew and of Odour sweet,
And let no Netle vyle and full of Vyce
Hir fallow with the gudly Flowr-de-Lyce,
Nor let no wyld Weid, full of Churlishness,
Compare hir to the Lillys Nobilness.

XXI. Nor

## XXI.

Nor hald nane other Flowir in fic denty
As the fresh Rose, of Colour reid and quhyt;
For if thou dois, hurt is thyne Honesty,
Considdering that no Flowir is sae perfyte,
Sae full of Plesans, Vertew and Delyte,
Sae full of blissful Angellyke Bewtie,
Imperial Birth, Honour and Dignitie.

## XXII.

THEN to the ROSE scho did her Visage turn,
And said, O lusty Dochter most benyng,
Abose the Lilly thou art ilusterous born,
Frae Ryal Linage rysing fresh and yung,
But ony Spot or Macull doing sprung:
Cum Blume of Joy with richest Jems be crownd,
For owre the laif thy Bewtie is renound.

## XXIII.

A coftly Crown with Stanes clarified bricht, This comely Quene did on hir Heid inclose, Quhyle all the Land illumynat of Licht;

Quhairfor

Quhois, Dois, Hir, &c., Whose, Does, Her. The e in many such Words is supplied with i.

But ony Spot, Without Spot.

Quhairfor methocht, the Flowirs did all rejose, Crying attaines, Hail to the fragrant Rose, Hail Empress of the Herbs, fresch Quene of Flowirs, To the be Glore and Honour at all Hours.

## XXIV.

Then all the Birds thay fang with Voice on hicht,
Whose mirthfull Sound was marvellous to heir;
The Mavys sang, Hail Rose most rich and richt,
That does upfluris under *Phebus* Sphere,
Hail Plant of Youth, Hail Princes Dochter deir,
Hail Blosome breking out of Blude Ryal,
Quhois precious Vertew is Imperial.

## XXV.

THE Merle scho sang, Hail Rose of most Delyt,
Hail of all Flowirs the sweit and soverain Quene:
The Lark scho sang, Hail Rose baith reid and quhyt,
Most plesand Flowir of michty Colours twain;
Nichtingails sang, Hail Nature's Suffragane,
In Bewty, Nurture, and each Nobilness,
In rich Array, Renown and Gentilness.

XXVI. THE

That the House of York and Lancaster (the White and Red Rose) were united in the Person of our Queen, is well known.

## XXVI.

The common Voice upraife of Birdis fmall,
Upon this Ways, O bliffit be the Hour
That thou was chose to be our Principal,
Welcome to be our Princes crownd with Powir,
Our Perle, our Plesance, and our Paramour,
Our Peace, our Play, our plain Felicity:
Chryst the conserve from all Adversity.

## XXVII.

Then all the Confort fang with fic a Shout,

That I anone awakent quhair I lay,

And with a Braid I turnit me about

To fe this Court, but all wer gone away;

Then up I leint me, halflings in affray,

Callt to my Muse, and for my Subjeck chose

To fing the Ryal Thistle and the Rose.

Quod Mr. W<sup>m.</sup> Dunbar.





A

## PANYGYRICK

ON

# SR PENNY.



I.

RICHT fain wald I my Qwaintance mak
Sr Penny with, and wate ye quhy?
He is a Man will undertak
A Lairdship of braid Lands to buy;
Thairfoir methink richt fain wald I
With him in Fellowship repair,
Because he is in Company
A noble Gyde baith late and air.

II. SR

## II.

SR Penny for till hald in Hand,
His Company they think fae fweit;
Sum does not care to fell thair Land,
With gude Sr Penny for to meit,
Because he is of a noble Spreit,
A furthy Man and a forseiand;
There is no Mater ends compleit,
Till he set to his Seil and Hand.

## III.

SR Penny is a valiant Man,
Of mekle Strenth and Dignitie,
And evir fen this Warld began,
In this Land autoreist is he:
The King or Quene ze may not see,
They still so tenderlie him trete,
That ther can nathing endit be,
Without his Company ze get.

## IV.

SR Penny is a Man of Law,
And (witt ye weil) baith wyse and war;
He mony Reasons can furth schaw,
Quhen he is standing at the Bar,

Is nane fae fharp that can him fcar, Quhen he propons furth ony Pley; Nor zit fae hardy Man as dar Sr *Penny* tyne or difobey.

V.

SR Penny is baith leird and wyfe,

The Kirk to steir he taks in Hand,
Disponer of ilk Benefice

In this Realm, throu all the Land;
Is nane sae wicht dar him gainstand,
Sae wyfely can Sr Penny wirk;

And als Sr Symonie his Servand,
That now is Gydar of the Kirk.

VI.

GIF to the Court thou mak repair,
And ther haif Matters to proclame,
Thou art unable weil to fair,
Sr Penny gif thou leif at hame,
To bring him furth think thou nae Schame;
I do thee weil to understand,
Into thy Bag beir thou his Name,
Thy Matter cums better to hand.

VII. SR

## VII.

SR Penny now is maid an Owll,

They wirk him mekle Tray and Tene,
They hald him in till he hair-moull,
And maks him blind of baith his Ene;
Thirout he is but findle fene,
Sae fast tharin they can him steik,
That Commons pure cannot obtain
Ane Day to byd with him and speik.

Tray and Tene, Anger.

Hair-moull, Grown hoary with Mouldiness.





## VERTUE and VYCE.

A

## POEM:

Addrest to

JAMES V. King of Scots,
By the famous and renown'd Clerk,

Mr. JOHN BELLENTYNE,

Arch-Dean of Murray.

I.

OUHEN Silver Diane full of Beims bricht,
Frae dark Eclips was past this uther Nicht,
And to the Crab hir proper Mansion gane;
Artophilax contending with his Micht
In the grit Eist to set his Visage richt;
I mene the Leider of the Charle-wane:
Aboif our Heid then was the Ursis twain,
Quhen Starris small obscure grew to our Sicht,
And Lucifer left twinkling him alane.

II. THE

#### II.

THE frosty Nicht with her prolixit Hours,
Her Mantle quhyt spred on the tender Flours;
When ardent Labour has addressit me,
Translate the Tale of our Progenitours,
Thair greit Manheid, Wisdom and hie Honours,
Quhair we may cleir, as in a Mirrour, see
The furious End somtymes of Tyranie;
Somtymes the Gloir of prudent Governours,
Ilk State apprysit in thair Facultie.

## III.

My weary Spreit defiring to repress
My emptive Pen of fruteless Bissiness,
Awalkit forth to tak the recent Air,
When Priapus with stormy Weid oppress,
Requeistit me, in his maist Tenderness,
To rest a while amids his Gardens bare.
But I no maner coud my Mynd prepare
To set asyde unplesant Havyness
On this and that contempling Solitare.

IV. AND

Priapus, who prefides over Gardens.

## IV.

And first occurre to my remembering,
How that I was in Service with the King,
Put to his Grace in Zeirs tenderest,
Clerk of his Compts, althocht I was inding,
With Heart and Hand, and evry uther thing,
That micht him pleise in ony manner best,
While Envy grit me from his Service kest,
By them that had the Court in governing,
As Bird bot Plumes is herryt of her Nest.

## V.

Our Lyfe, our Gyding, and our Aventuris,
Dependance have on thir celeft Creaturis,
Apperandly by fome Neceffitie;
For thocht a Man wald fet his biffy curis,
Sae far as Labour and his Wifdom furis,
To flie hard Chance of Infortunitie,
Tho he eschew it with Difficultie,
The cursid Weird yet ithandly enduris,
Gien to him first in his Nativitie.

## VI.

Or eardlie State bewailing thus the Chance
Of Fortune gude I had nae Esperance,
Sae lang I had swomt in hir Seis sae deip,
That sad Avysing with her thochtfull Lance
Coud sind nae Port to anker her Firmance,
Till Morpheus the dreiry God of Sleip,
For very Rewth did on my Cures weip,
And set his Slewth and deidly Countenance,
With snorand Vains to throw my Body creip.

## VII.

METHOCHT I was into a plefand Meid,
Quhair Flora made the tender Bluims to spreid
Throw kindly Dew, and Humours nutrative,
Quhen golden Titan with his Flamis sae reid,
Aboif the Seis upraist his glorious Heid,
Defounding down his Heit restorative
To evry Fruit that Nature maid to live,
Whilk was afore into the Winter deid,
With Stormis cauld, and Har-frost penetrive.

## VIII.

A Silver Fountain sprang with Watir cleir
Into that Place, quhair I approchit neir;
Quhair I did sone espy a sellon Reird
Of courtly Gallants in thair gayest Weir,
Rejoycing them in Season of the Zeir,
As it had bene of Mayis sweit Day the Feird,
Their gudelie Havings made me nocht affeird;
With them I saw a crownit King appeir,
With tender Downs arrising on his Beird.

## IX.

Thir courtly Gallants fettand thair Intents
To fing and play on divers Inftruments;
According to this Princis Appetyte,
Twa Ladyis fair came pranfand owre the Bents,
Thair coftly Cleathing shawd their mighty Rents;
Quhat Heart micht wish, they wanted not a Myte,
The Rubies shone upon thair Fingers quhyt:
And finaly I knew by thair Consents
This Vertue was, that uther hecht Delyte.

X. THIR

## X.

THIR Goddesses arrayt in this fine Ways,
As Reverence and Honour list devyse,
Afore this PRINCE fell down upon thair Kneis,
Syne dress themsells into thair best Avyse,
Sae far as Wisdom in thair Powir lyes,
To do the Thing that micht him best appleise,
Quhair he rejoyced in his heavenly Gleis,
And him desyret that for his Emperyse,
Ane of them twa unto his Lady cheis.

## XI.

And first Delyte unto the Prince said thus,
Maist valiant Knycht, in Actions amorous,
And lustyest that evir Nature wrocht,
Quha in the Flour of Zouth mellysluous,
With Notes sweit, and sang mellodious,
Awalketh heir amang the Flowirs soft,
Thou has nae Game, but in thy mirry Thocht,
My heavenly Bliss is so delicious,
All Wealth in Eard bot it availeth nocht.

#### XII.

Tho thou had France, and all beyont the Po,
Spain, Ingland, Pole, with uther Kingdoms moe,
And reign oure them in State most glorious,
Thy pussiant Empyre is not worth a Stro,
Gif it unto thy Pleisurs is a Foe,
Or pains thy Mind with Cares are dolourus;
Ther is nathing may be sae odious
To Man, as leif in Misery and Woe,
Defrauding God of Nature Genius.

## XIII.

Dress thee thairfor with all thy biffy Cure,
That thou in Joy and Pleisure may endure;
Be Sicht of thir four Bodyis elementar,
Twa gross and heavy, twa are licht and pure,
Thir Elements be working of Nature,
In uther change; and tho they be richt far
Frae uther twind, with Qualitys contrair,
Of them are made all Creatures Eard eir bure,
And finaly in them resolvit ar.

## XIV.

THE Fyre in Air, the Air in Watter cleir,
In Eard the Watter turns withouten Weir,
The Eard in Watter it turns ower again;
Sae furth in Order nochts confumed heir,
And Man new born begins sone to appeir
Ane uther Figure than afore was tane,
Quhen he is deid, the Matter does remain,
Tho it refolve into fum new Manner,
Naething is new, nocht but the Form is gane.

## XV.

Thus naething is in Eard but fugitive,
Paffand and command spreiding successive;
And as a Beist, so is a Man consave
Of Seid infused in Members genitive,
And furth his Tyme in Plesoure does out dryve
As Chance him leids, till he be laid in Grave:
Thairfor thy Hevin and Plesour now resave,
Quhile thou art heir into this present Lyve,
For after Death thou sall no Plesour haif.

XVI. THE

#### XVI.

The Rose, the Lilly, and the Violet,
Unpult, sone wither, and with winds owreset,
Wallout falls down bot ony Fruit, I wiss,
Thairfore I say, Sen that naething may let,
But thy bricht Hew maun be with Zeirs all fret,
(For every Thing but for a Season is)
Thou may not haif a mair excellent Bliss
Than ly all Nicht into my Arms plet,
To hals and brais with mony a lusty Kiss.

## XVII.

And haif my tender Body by thy Syde,
So proper set, quhilk Nature has provyde
With every Plesour, that thou mayst divyne,
Ay quhile my tender Zeirs be overslyde;
Then gif thou pleis that I thy Brydel gyde,
Thou maun allways from agit men declyne,
Syne dress thy Hairt, thy Courage and Ingyne,
To suffer nane sall in thy House abyde,
But gif thay will unto thy Lust inclyne.

XVIII. GIF

## XVIII.

GIF thou defyres into the Seis to fleit
Of hevinly Blifs, than me thy Lady treit;
For it is faid by Clerks of fair Renown,
Thair is nae Pleafour in this Eard fo grit,
As quhen a Luver dois his Lady meit,
To raife his Lyf frae mony a deidlie Soun,
As hieft plefour but Comparifoun.
I fall the geif in thy Zeirs zoung and fweit,
A lufty Halk with mony Plumes full broun.

## XIX.

Quhilk fall be found fae joyous and Plefant,
Gif thou into her mirry Flichts fall hant,
Of evry Blifs that may in Eard appeir,
As Hairt will think thou fall nae Plenty want,
Quhile Zeirs fwift with Quheils properant,
Confume thy Strenth, and all thy Bewtie cleir.
And quhen Delyt had faid on this Maner,
As Rage of Zowtheid thocht maift relivant;
Then Vertew spake, as after ye fall heir.

XX. My

## XX.

My Lands full braid with mony a plenteous Shyre, Sall give thy Hieness, (gif thou list difyre)

Triumphant Glore, hie Honour, Fame divyne,
With sic Puissance, that them nae furious Yre,
Nor weirand Age, nor Flames of birnand Fyre,
Nor bitter Death may bring unto Rewyne,
But thou maun first ensuffer meikle Pyne,
Abune thy self, that thou may haif Empyre,
Then sall thy Fame and Honour haif no Fyne.

## XXI.

Amang my Faes my Realms set ar all,

Quhilk haif with me a Weir continual,

And ever still dois on my Border ly:

And tho' thay may nae Ways me overthrawl,

Thay ly in wait, gif ony Chance may fall,

Of me sumtyme to get the Victory.

Thus is my Lyse an ithand Chevalry,

And Labour halds me strong as ony Wall,

And nathing breks me but vyl Slugardy.

## XXII.

NAE Fortune may against me ocht avail,
Tho scho with cloudy storms me aft assail.
I brek the Streim of sharp adversity,
In Wedder lown, and maist tempestous Hail,
Bot any Dreid I beir an equal Sail:
My Ships sae strong, that I may never die,
Wit, Reason, Manheid governs me sae hie,
Nae insluence of Starns can eir prevail
To rigne owre me with Infortunitie.

## XXIII.

THE Rage of Zouth can never dantit be,

Bot grit Distress and sharp Adversity,
As be this Reason is experience;

The synest Gold or Silver that we se,
May not be wrocht to our Utility,
Without kein Flames and bitter Violence;
The mair Distress, the mair Intelligence.

Quha eir fails lang in hie Prosperity,
Ar sune owreset, gainst storms have nae Desence.

XXIV. THIS

## XXIV.

This fragill Lyfe, as Moment induring,
Bot doubt fall thee and all the Warld bring
To ficker Blifs, or then eternal Wae.
Gif thou by honeft Labour dois a Thing,
Thy Labour vaniefis but tarrying;
Howbeit thy honeft Warks they do not fae.
Gif thou does ocht of Luft be Nicht or Day,
The shameful Deid, without dissevering,
Continues still when Plesour is away.

## XXV.

As Carvell ticht, fast tending throw the Sie,
Leives nae imprent amang the Wallis hie.
As swiftest Birds with mony a bissy Plume
Persis the Air, and wates not quhair thay slie,
Sicklyks our Lyse without Activitie;
It gisses na Fruit, howbeit a Shadow blume.
Quha dois thair Lyse in Ydleness consume,
Bot Vertews Deids, thair Fame and Memorie
Sall vanise soner than the reiky Fume.

#### XXVI.

As Watter purges and maks Bodys fair,
As Fyre ascends be Nature in the Air,
And purefies with Heit thats vehement:
As Flowir does smell, as Fruit is nurifare:
As precious Balmes reverts the Things ar fair,
And maks them of the Rot impatient.
As Spyce maist sweit, and Rose maist redolent;
As stern of Day by Motion circulair,
Chaises the Nicht with Beims resplendent.

## XXVII.

Sicklyke my Warks they perfyt every Wicht,
In fervent Luve of maist excellent Licht,
And maks a Man into this Eard bot Peir,
And does the Saul frae all Disorder dicht,
With Odour dulce, and maks it still mair bricht
Than Diane full, or zet Apollo cleir,
Syn raises it into the hiest Sphere,
Immortally to shine in Gods awin Sicht,
His chosen Creature, and as Spous maist deir.

XXVIII. THIS

## XXVIII.

This uther Wretch that clipit is Delyte,
Involves Mankynd be fenfual Appityte,
In every Kind of Vyce and Miferie,
Because nae Wit nor Reason is perfyte
Quhair she is Gyde, but Skaith thats infinyt;
With Dolour, Shame, and urgent Povertie;
For scho sprang frae the licht Froth of the Se.
Quhilk signifies hir Plesour venomit,
Is minglit ay with shairp Adversitie.

## XXIX.

Duke Hannibal, as mony Authors wrait,
Throw Spenzie came be mony a Passage strait;
To Italy in Furor bellical,
Brak down hie Walls, and hiest Mountains slait,
And to his Army made an open Gait,
And Victories had on the Romans all.
At Capua by Plesour sensual,
The Duke was made sae saft and delicate,
That by his Faes he was sone overthrawll.

## XXX.

Or fers Achill the weirly Deids sprang,
In Troy and Greice, quhyle he in Vertue rang,
How Lust him slew it is but Rewth to heir:
Siclyk the Trojans with thair Knichts strang,
The valiant Greiks furth frae thair Ruins dang,
Victoriously exercit mony a Zeir;
That Nicht they went to thair Lust and Plesour,
The fatal Hors did throw thair Walls fang,
Quhais pregnant Sydes wer full of Men of Weir.

## XXXI.

SARDANAPALL, that Prince efeminat,
Frae Deids of Knichts basely degenerat,
Twynand the Threid of whyt or purpour Lint,
With Fingers saft among the Ladyis sat,
And with his Lust couth not be satiate,
Till frae his Faes came last the bitter Dint.
Quhat nobil Men and Ladyis haif bene tint,
Quhen they with Lust have bene intoxicat,
To schaw at lenth my Tung wald nevir stint.

XXXII. BUT

#### XXXII.

But brave Camil the valiant Chevalier,

(When he the Gauls had dantint be his Weir)

Of Heritage wald haif nae Recompence;

For gif his Bairns, his Kin and Friends maift deir

Were verteous, they could not fail ilk Zeir

To haif enough, be Roman Providence.

Gif they wer given to Vyce and Infolence,

It was not neidfull he fould conqueifs Geir,

To be the Cause of thair Incontinence.

## XXXIII.

Sum nobil Men, as Poets lift declair,
Were Deifeit, sum made Gods of the Air,
Sum of the Heaven, as Eolus, Vulcan,
Apollo, Saturn, Hermes, Jupiter,
Mars, Hercules, and uther Men preclair,
That Fame imortall in this Warld wan:
Quhy wer thir People called Gods than?
Because they had a Vertue singulair,
Excellent hie abune the Ingyne of Man.

## XXXIV.

And uthers are in Reik fulphurious,
As Ixion, and weiry Syfyphus,
Eumenides, the Furys odibil,
The proud Gyants, and thristy Tantalus,
With ugly Drink, and Fude maist vennomus,
Quhair Flames bauld, and Mirkness ar sensibil:
Quhy ar thir Folk in Pains sae terribil?
Because they were but Shrews maist vicious
Into thair Lyse, with Deids maist horribil.

## XXXV.

And the nae Fruit wer after confequent
Of mortall Lyfe, but for this Warld prefent
Ilk Man to haif allenerlie Refpect;
Zet Vertue fould frae Vice be different,
As quick frae deid, as rich frae indigent;
That ane to hieft Honour does direct,
This uther Saul and Body does neglect.
That ane of Reason maist intelligent,
This uther of Beists following the Effect.

XXXVI. FOR

## XXXVI.

For he that nold against his vyl Lusts stryve,
But lives as Beists of Knawlege sensityve,
Grows fast to Eild, and Death him sone owrehails:
Thairfor the Mule is of a langer Lyse
Than the staind Horse; also the barrand Wyse
Zouthfull appeirs, when that the Brudie sails:
We also se when Nature nocht prevails,
The Pain and Dolour ar sae pungityve,
Nae Medycyne the Patient then avails.

## XXXVII.

SEN our Intents baith we haif shawn thee thus,
Cheis of us twae the maist delicious,
Or to sustene a sharp Adversitie,
Danting the Rage of Zouth-heid surious,
And syn posses Triumphs innumerous,
With hie Empyre, and lang Felicitie;
Or haif ane Moment Sensualitie
Of sulish Zouth, in Lys voluptous,
And all thy Days sull of sad Miserie.

XXXVIII. PHE-

#### XXXVIII.

PHEBUS be this his fyric Cart did wry,
Frae South to West declynand bissyly
To dip his Steids into the Westlin Main;
When rysing Damps owresaild his Visage dry
With Vapours thick, and cluddet all the Sky,
And Notus brym, the Wind meridian,
With Wings donk, and Fedders full of Rain,
Awakent me, that I could not espy
Quhilk of the twa was for his Lady tane.

## XXXIX.

But fone I knew they were the Goddesses
That came in Sleip to valiant Hercules,
When he was zung, and free of every Lore,
To Lust or Honour, Purtith or Riches,
Quhair he contempnit Lust and Idleness,
That he in Vertue micht his Lyse decore;
Then Warks he did of maist excellent Glore;
The mair incress his painfull Bissiness,
His hie Triumphs and Loving was the more.



A Bytand BALLAT on warlo Wives, That gar thair Men live pinging Lives.

I.

BE merry, Brethrene, ane and all,
And fet all Sturt afide;
And every ane togither call
To God to be our Gyd;
For as lang lives the mirry Man,
As dois the Wretch for ocht he can,
When Deid him strakes, he wats na whan,
And charges him to byde.

II.

THE Rich then fall not spared be,
Thocht they haif Gold and Land,
Nor zit the Fair, for their Bewty,
Cannot that Charge gainstand.

Tho

Tho Wicht or Weak wald flee away,
Nae Doubt but all maun Ranfom pay,
Quhat Place or quhare can nae Man say,
Be Se or zit be Land.

## III.

The mirryest Man that leives on Lyfe,
He fails upon the Se;
For he knaws neither Sturt nor Stryfe,
But blyth and glad is he:
But he that has an evil Wyfe,
Has Sour and Sorrow all his Lyfe,
And that Man quilk leives ay in Stryf,
How can he mirry be?

## IV.

Ane evil Wyfe is the warst aught That ony Man can haif; For he may nevir sit in Saught, Unless he be her Slaif: But of that Sort I knaw nane uther, Except a Cuckald or his Bruther; Sunt Lairds and Cuckalds altogither, May wifs their Wyves in Graif.

#### V.

BECAUSE thair Wyves haif Maistery,
That they dar naeways cheip,
But gif it be in Privity,
Quhen they are fast asleip;
Ane mirry in thair Company,
To them is worth baith Gold and Fie:
A Menstrell neir coud dairthful be,
Thair Mirth if he coud beit.

#### VI.

But of that Sort whilk I report,
I knaw nane in this Ring:
But we may all baith grit and small,
Glaidly baith dance and sing,

Quha

Sunt Lairds. Here is spelled with an S, as it ought, and not with a C, as many of the English do.

Quha lifts not here to make gude Cheir, Perchance his Guids an uthir Yeir Be fpent, quhen he is brought to Beir, Quhen his Wyfe taks the Fling.

#### VII.

It has been fene, that wyfe Women,
After their Husband's Deid,
Has gotten Men has gart them ken,
If they could bear a Laid.
With a grene Sting, hes gart them bring
The Geir that won was by a Dring;
And fyne gart all the Bairnies fing,
Ramukloch in their Bed.

#### VIII.

Then wad scho say, Alake this Day,
For him that wan this Geir,
Quhen I him had, I skairsly said,
My Heart anes mak gude Cheir.
Or I had letten him spend a Plak,
I lure haif witten him brake his Bak,
Or els his Craig had gotten a Crak,
Ower the Hicht of the Stair.

#### IX.

ZE Niggarts then Example tak,
And leir to spend your awn,
And with gude Freynds ay mirry mak,
That it may well be knawn,
That thou art he quha wan this Geir;
And for thy Wyse se thou nocht spair,
With blyth Freynds ay to make Repair,
Sae sall thy Worth be shawn.

#### X.

FINIS quod I, quha sets not by
The ill Wyves of this Toun,
Tho for Difpyte with me wald flyte,
Gif thay micht put me doun.
Gif they wald ken quha maid this Sang,
Quhidder they will him heid or hang,
Flemyings his Name quhair eir he gang,
In Country and in Toun.

Quod FLEMYNG.



# ROBIN and MAKYNE, A PASTORAL.

I.

ROBIN fat on the gude grene Hill,
Keipand a Flock of Fie,
Quhen mirry Makyne faid him till,
O Robin rew on me.
I haif thee luivt baith loud and ffill,
Thir Towmonds twa or thre;
My Dule in dern but gif thou dill,
Doubtless bot Dreid I die.

II.

ROBIN replied, Now by the Rude, Naithing of Luve I knaw, But keip my Sheip undir yon Wod, Lo quhair they raik on Raw.

Quhat

Dule in dern, Sorrow in fecret. Dill, still, calm, or mitigate. Raik on Raw, go apace in a Row.

Quhat can have mart thee in thy Mude, Thou Makyne to me fchaw? Or quhat is Luve, or to be lude? Fain wald I leir that Law.

#### III.

The Law of Luve gin thou wald leir,
Tak thair an A, B, C;
Be keynd, courtas, and fair of Feir,
Wyfe, hardy, kind and frie,
Sae that nae Danger do the deir,
What dule in dern thou drie;
Press ay to pleis, and blyth appeir,
Be patient, and privie.

#### IV.

ROBIN he answert her again,
I wat not quhat is Luve,
But I haif Marvell uncertain
Quhat maks thee thus wanruse.

The

The Wedderis fair, and I am fain; My Sheip gaes hail abuve, Gif we fould play us on the Plain, They wald us baith repruve.

V.

ROBIN tak tent unto my Tale,
And do all as I reid;
And thou fall haif my Heart all hale,
Eik and my Maidenheid:
Sen God he fends Bute for Bale,
And for Murning Remeid.
I dern with thee, but give I dale,
Doubtless I am but deid.

#### VI.

MAKYNE the Morn be this ilk Tyde, Gif ye will meit me heir, May be my Sheip may gang besyde, Quhyle we have liggd full neir;

But

Wedderis, Weather's. It is to be noticed, that our Elders never apostrophised, yet by this one may judge that in every like Case they pronounced, as if such Vowels were cut off with an Apostrophe: Without allowing this, many of their Lines will not be Numbers.

But maugre haif I, gif I byde,
Frae thay begin to steir,
Quhat lyes on Heart I will nocht hyd,
Then Makyn mak gude Cheir.

#### VII.

ROBIN thou reivs me of my Reft;
I luve but thee alane.

Makyne, adieu, the Sun goes Weft,
The Day is neir-hand gane.

Robin in Dule I am fo dreft,
That Luve will be my Bane.

Makyne gae luve quhair eir ye lift;
For Lemans I luid nane.

#### VIII.

ROBIN I stand in sic a Style,
I sich, and that full sair.

Makyne I have been heir this quyle,
At hame I wish I were.

Robin, my Hinny, talk and smyle,
Gif thou will do nae mair.

Makyne sum uther Man beguyle;
For hameward I will sare.

IX. SYNE

#### IX.

SYNE Robin on his Ways he went,
As light as Leif on Tree:
But Makyne murnt and made Lament,
Scho trow'd him neir to fee.
Robin he brayd attowre the Bent.
Then Makyne cryd on hie,
Now may thou fing, for I am fhent!
Quhat can ail Luve at me?

#### X.

MAKYNE went hame withouten fail,
And weirylie could weip;
Then Robin in a full fair Dale
Affemblit all his Sheip,
Be that fomepart of Makyns Ail,
Outthrow his Heart coud creip,
Hir fast he followt to affail,
And till her tuke gude keip.

XI. ABYD

Brayd attowre the Bent, hafted over the Field. Tuke gude Keip, kept a close Eye upon her.

#### XI.

ABYD, abyd, thou fair Makyne,
A Word for ony Thing;
For all my Luve it fall be thyne,
Withoutten departing,
All hale thy Heart for till have myne,
Is all my coveting;
My Sheip quhyle Morn till the Hours Nyne,
Will mister nae keiping.

#### XII.

ROBIN, thou has heard fung and fay,
In Jests and Storys auld,
The Man that will not when he may,
Sall have nocht when he wald.
I pray to Heaven baith Nicht and Day,
Be eikd their Cares fae cauld,
That presses first with thee to play,
Be Forrest, Firth or Fauld.

#### XIII.

MAKYNE, the Nicht is foft and dry,
The Wether warm and fair,
And the grene Wod richt neir hand by
To walk attowre all where:

There

There may nae Janglers us efpy,
That is to Luve contrair,
Therin, Makyne, baith you and I,
Unfeen may mak Repair.

#### XIV.

ROBIN, that Warld is now away,
And quyt brocht till an End,
And neir again thereto perfay,
Sall it be as thou wend;
For of my Pain thou made but Play,
I Words in vain did spend;
As thou has done sae sall I say,
Murn on, I think to mend.

#### XV.

MAKYNE, the Hope of all my Heal,
My Heart on thee is fet;
I'll evermair to thee be leil,
Quhile I may live but lett,
Never to fail as uthers feil,
Quhat Grace fo eir I get.
Robin, with thee I will not deal;
Adieu, for this we met.

XVI. MA-

#### XVI.

MAKYNE went hameward blyth enough,
Outowre the Holtis Hair.
Pure Robin murnd and Makyne leugh;
Scho fang, and he fichd fair:
Scho left him in baith Wae and Wreuch,
In Dolor and in Care,
Keipand his Herd under a Heuch,
Amang the rashy Gair.

Finis quod Mr. Rob. HENRYSON.





# Advice to Man to enjoy his ain.

--- 83.G . D.83...

I.

MAN, fen thy Lyfe is ay in Weir,
And Deid is ever drawing neir,
The Tyme unfiker and the Place,
Thyne ain Gude fpend quhile thou has Space.

II.

GIF it be thyne, thy felf it uses,
Gif it be not, thee it refuses,
Another of thee Profit has,
Then spend thy ain quhile thou has Space.

III.

Thou may to Day have Gude to spend,
In haist to Morn may from it wend,
And leive an uther thy Baggs to brace,
Then spend thy ain quhile thou has Space.

IV. QUHILE

#### IV.

Quhile thou has Space, fe thou difference That for thy Geir: quhen thou art gone, Nae Wicht ane other flay or chace, Enjoyt thy felf quhile thou has Space.

#### V.

SUM all his Days dryves owre in vain, Ay gatherand Geir with Greif and Pain, Is nevir glade at *Zule* nor *Pais*; Thyne ain Gude fpend quhile thou has Space.

#### VI.

SYNE cums ane blythsome of his Sorrow, That for him prayd nor Even nor Morrow, And fangs it all with Merryness; Then spend thy ain quhile thou has Space.

#### VII.

SUM gathers Gude, and ay it spares, And after him cum braw young Airs, That his auld Thrift sets on an Ace, And sends a Sheiring in short Space.

VIII. ITS

#### VIII.

Irs just all thyne that here thou spends,
And not all that on thee depends,
But his to spend it that has Grace;
Then spend thyn ain quhyle thou has Space.

#### IX.

TRUST not annother will do ye to,
It that thy felf wald nevir do;
For gif thou dois, ftrange is thy Cace;
Thine ain Gude spend quhyle thou has Space.

#### X.

LUKE how the Bairn dois to the Mother, And tak Example be nane uther, That it not after be thy Case; Sae spend thy ain quhyle thou has Space.

Quod DUMBAR.





On a bonny Veffel called THE FLEMING BARK, belonging to Edinburgh.



I.

I HAVE a little FLEMING Berge
Of cleanly Wark, and scho is wicht;
Quhat Pylot taks my Schip in Charge,
Maun hald her cleanly, trim and ticht:
Hir Hatches maun be handlit richt,
With Steir Burd, Baburd, Luf and Lie;
Scho will sail all the Winter Nicht,
And nevir tak a Tellzevie.

II.

WITH ane even Keil afore the Wind,
Scho is richt fairdy with a Sail;
But at a Lufe scho lyis behind,
Gar heis her quhile her Howbands skail;

Draw

Draw weil the tackle to her Tail, Scho will not miss to lay zour Mast, To pump as aft as ze may fail, Ze will neir hald her Watter-fast.

#### III.

To colf hir aft, can do no ill,

And talloun quhair the Flude-mark flows;
But gif scho lekks, get Men of Skill

To stap the Holes laigh in the Hows:
For faut of Hemp, tak hairy Tows,
And Stane-balast withouten other,
In moonless Nichts it is nae Mows,
Except a stout Man steir the Ruther.

#### IV.

A Veffell fair abune the Watter,
And is but laitly reikit too,
Quhairto till deave ze with hir Blatter
Are nane fic in the Flot as fcho:
Plum weil the Grund, quhat eir ze do,
Hail on the Fore-sheit and the Blind;
Scho will tak in at Cap and Ko,
Without scho balast be behind.

V. NAE

#### V.

NAE Pedders Pak scho will refuse,
Altho hir Travel scho shoud tine,
Nae Cuckold Carle or Carlings Pet,
That dois their Corn and Catle trayn;
And quhere scho finds a Fallow syne,
He will be fraught free for a Sowse,
She carries nocht but Men and Wyne,
And Bulion to the Cunzie-House.

#### VI.

For Merchand Men I may haif Money,
But nane fic as I wald defyre,
And I am laith to mell with ony,
To leif my Matter in the Myre;
That man that wirks best for his Hyre
Its he fall be my Marriner,
But Nicht and Day he maunna tyre
That fails my bonny Ballenger.

### VII.

QUHEN Anker-hald nane can be fund,
I pray you cast the Leid-lyne out;
And gif ye cannot get the Ground,
Steir be the Compass, keep her Rout;

Syne travers still, and lay about,
And gar her top twiche Wind and Waw,
When Anker dryves, there is nae Dout
Thir tripand Tydes may tyne us a.

#### VIII.

Now is my pretty Pinnage ready,
Abydand on fum Merchand Block,
But be scho empty, be our Lady,
Scho will be kitle of her Dok;
Scho will refuse nae Landwart Jok,
Tho he shoud fraught her for a Crown:
Thus fair ze weil, says gude John Cok,
A nobil Sailor in this Toun.

Quod SEMPLE.



#### **沙长沙长沙长沙长沙长沙长沙长沙长沙长沙长**

The Defens of Griffell Sandylands
For using of hir self contrair the Ten Commands,
Being in Ward for playing of the Loun
With every ane list gife hir half a Croun.

I.

PERNITIOUS People, partial in Despyte,
Susannas Juges, Sawers of Sedition,
Zour cankert Council is the Cause and Wyte,
Bowstert with Pryde, and blinded with Ambition,
Finding nae Cryme, nor haising a Comission
To hurt Dame Venus Virgins as ze do;
Gif ze sae rashly rin upon Suspition,
Ze may put others on the Pannell too.

II.

To Sandylands ze war ower-fair to schame hir,
Sen ze with Council quietly might command hir;
Grit Fulis ze war with Fallows to defame hir,
Haising nae Cause, but common Fame and Sklan
der,

Quhen

## 72 The Defens of Griffell Sandylands.

Quhen finding no Man in the House neir hand hir, Exept a \*Clerk of godly Conversation, Quhat gif besyde John Duries self ye fand hir, Dar ze suspect the haly Congregation.

#### III.

Zour fleshly Consciens gars zou tak this Feir,
Believe ze Virgins will be won sae sune,
Na, God forbid, but Men may bourd as neir,
And Women be nae war, quhen that is done,
Had scho bene \* \* \* \*

That war a perelous Play, ane micht suspect them, But Lads and Lasses will meit after None, When Dick and Durie baith dow not correct them.

#### IV.

SEN Drunkards, Gluttons and contentious Men, Scheders of Blude, and Subjects given to Greid, May not possess, or Heavens high Hall get ben, As in the Byble daylie we may reid:

Let

<sup>\*</sup> The Minister, Beaton.

Had fcho bene \* \* \* \* In fuch Places as are fo fullied or torn in our old Copies, that they cannot be read, we chuse rather to leave a Blank than fill them up, tho' they might be supplied with small Difficulty.

Let thir be weyd alyke, till every Leid, Syne Fornication placit amang the laif, Exempt zour felves throu all the Toun in Deid, Then luke how mony zou unmarkid haif.

#### V.

GIF ye belife not Betoun be his Word, In hir Defens, it cannot be refusit; Let him that follows fecht it with the fword, Ane auntient Law quhen Ladyis are accusit. Are Ministers sic Men to be abusit, That knaw the Scripture and the Ten Commands? Tho he and scho wer in a House inclusit, That fays not he fell foul on Sandylands.

#### VI.

As for the rest, I knaw not thair Vocation, Thair Lyfe and Manners; but I heir Folk name Catholick Virgins of the Congregation, [them Syne were to tyne them, if ze wald obtein them: Quhat can ze fay, exept that ze haid fein them With rem in re all nakit, bot Adherance; Then tak a Bow-string, draw it down betwein them, And gif it sticks, that has an ill Appeirance.

VII. ZE

#### VII.

ZE cative Clerks, that Colege ze frequentit

Quhen ze were Wanslers of the wanton Band,

Now ze are laimt frae Labour, I lamment it,

Zour Pistols tuimt, and Backsprent like a Wand,

Snap Wark, Adieu frae \* \* \*

And warse than that, ze want zour pryming Powder;

Then consciens cums with crukit Staff in Hand,

Greitand for bygane bowing Back and Shouder.

#### VIII.

REMEMBER first zour former Quality,

And wrak nae Virgins with zour wilfull Weir;
But gif ze do, then our Regality

Has Power plainly then to replege them heir,

Micht they win to the Girth, I tak nae Feir,

Doun by the Canno-Croce I pray zou send them,

Where \*Bannatyn has promist to compeir,

With lawfull Reason ready to defend them.

IX. ANE

#### IX.

ANE Cause there is, thay cannot be convick, Ze had nae Power after the Sun was fet. The Provost gave nae Charge to Gilbert Dick; The special Thing that fould not bein forzet, They were not Thieves, nor yet condemt in Dett, Nor Red-hand tane, then was nae Caufe ze knaw, \* But ze let Rukes and Gleds rin throu the Nett, And faikless Daws make subject to the Law.

#### X.

Zour partial Juge we may declyne him to, But fet me doun the Parson Pennycuik, Or Sanders Guthrie see guhat he can do: He kens the Law, and keeps zour ain Court-Buke:

For Men of Law, I wait not quhere to luke: James Banantyne was anes a Man of Skill; And gif he comes not there, I wish we tuke, To keip our Dyet, Mes David Makgill.

XI. QUHAT

<sup>\* -</sup> Little Villains must submit to Fate, That great Ones may enjoy the World in State.

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#### XI.

Quhat Kimmer casts the formest Stane, lets se,
At that poor Queans, ze wrangfully suspeck
For sklenting Bouts; now better war let be,
Than to begin and get zour selves a Geck,
The greatest Falt I find in this Effect;
They baith tuke Pay, and put themselves in Schame;
But quhen the Court cums to the Town, quhat
We sall restore them to their Stock again. [Reck,

#### XII.

In zour Tolbuith fic Prifoners to plant,
Will be received richt weil, ye may confider,
Gude Captane Adam will not let them want
Bedding, howbeid they fould lig all togidder.
As for his Wife, I wald ye fould forbid her,
Hir Eyndling Toits, I true ther be nae Danger,
Because his Back is larbour groun and lidder,
Bot Understanding now to treit a Stranger.

#### XIII.

THE greatest Greif I find, ze haif defamed
Thir Luvers leil, and done their Friends but Lack,
Because thair Bands were just to be proclaimd,
Partys had met, and made a fair Contrack:

But

But now alas the Men are loppen back; For oppen Sklander callt a speikand Deil, In grit Affairs ze had not bein sae snack, About the ruleing of the Common-weil.

#### XIV.

To punish Part is Partiality,

To punish all is hard to do indeid;

But send them heir to our Regality,

And we sall see gif we can serve their Neid;

This rural Ryme whaever likes to reid,

To Dick and Dury 'tis directed plain,

Quhere I offend them in my Landwart Leid,

I sall be ready to reform again.

Quod SEMPLE.





## The Battle of Harlaw,

Foughten upon Friday, July 24, 1411, against Donald of the Isles.

· £ 26 3 · · ·

I.

FRAE Dunideir as I cam throuch,
Doun by the Hill of Banochie,
Allangst the Lands of Garioch;
Grit Pitie was to heir and se
The Noys and dulesum Hermonie,
That evir that dreiry Day did daw,
Cryand the Corynoch on hie,
Alas! alas! for the Harlaw.

II.

I marvlit quhat the Matter meint,
All Folks war in a fiery fairy:
I wist nocht quha was Fae or Freind;
Zit quietly I did me carrie.

But sen the Days of auld King Hairy Sic Slauchter was not hard nor sene, And thair I had nae Tyme to tairy, For Bissiness in Aberdene.

#### III.

Thus as I walkit on the Way,
To Inverury as I went,
I met a Man and bad him stay,
Requeisting him to mak me quaint,
Of the Beginning and the Event,
That happenit thair at the Harlaw;
Then he entreited me tak tent,
And he the Truth sould to me schaw.

#### IV.

Grit Donald of the Yles did claim,
Unto the Lands of Ross sum Richt,
And to the Governour he came,
Them for to haif gif that he micht:

Quha

Quha faw his Interest was but slicht; And thairfore answerit with Disdain; He hastit hame baith Day and Nicht, And sent nae Bodward back again.

#### V.

But Donald richt impatient
Of that Answer Duke Robert gaif,
He vowd to God Omnipotent,
All the hale Lands of Ross to haif,
Or ells be graithed in his Graif.
He wald not quat his Richt for nocht.
Nor be abusit lyk a Slaif,
That Bargin sould be deirly bocht.

#### VI.

Then haiftylie he did command,

That all his Weir-Men should convene,
Ilk an well harnisit frae Hand,

To meit and heir quhat he did mein;
He waxit wrath and vowit Tein,
Sweirand he wald surpryse the North,
Subdew the Burgh of Aberdene,
Mearns, Angus, and all Fyse, to Forth.

VII. Thus

#### VII.

Thus with the Weir-men of the Yles,

Quha war ay at his bidding bown,

With Money maid, with Forfs and Wyls,

Richt far and neir baith up and doun:

Throw Mount and Muir, frae Town to Town,

Allangst the Land of Ross he roars,

And all obey'd at his Bandown,

Evin frae the North to Suthren Shoars.

#### VIII.

THEN all the Countrie Men did zield;
For nae refistans durst they mak,
Nor offer Battill in the Feild,
Be fors of Arms to beir him bak;
Syne they resolvit all and spak,
That best it was for thair Behois,
They sould him for thair Chistain tak,
Believing weil he did them luve.

#### IX.

THEN he a Proclamation maid
All Men to meet at Inverness,
Throw Murray Land to mak a Raid,
Frae Arthursyre unto Spey-ness.

And further mair, he fent Express,
To schaw his Collours and Ensenzie,
To all and findry, mair and less,
Throchout the Boundis of Boyn and Enzie.

#### X.

And then throw fair Strathbogie Land,
His Purpose was for to pursew,
And quhasoevir durst gainstand,
That Race they should full fairly rew.
Then he bad all his Men be trew,
And him defend by Fors and Slicht,
And promist them Rewardis anew,
And mak them Men of mekle Micht.

#### XI.

WITHOUT Refistans as he faid,

Throw all these Parts he stoutly past,

Quhair sum war wae, and sum war glaid,

But Garioch was all agast.

Throw all these Feilds he sped him fast,

For sic a Sicht was never sene;

And then, forsuith, he langed at last

To se the Bruch of Aberdene.

XII. To

#### XII.

To hinder this prowd Enterprife,

The flout and michty Erle of MARR

With all his Men in Arms did ryfe,

Even frae Curgarf to Craigyvar,

And down the fyde of Don richt far,

Angus and Mearns did all convene

To fecht, or DONALD came fae nar

The Ryall Bruch of Aberdene.

#### XIII.

And thus the Martial Erle of MARR,
Marcht with his Men in richt Array,
Befoir the Enemie was aware,
His Banner bauldly did difplay.
For weil enewch they kend the Way,
And all thair Semblance weil they faw,
Without all Dangir, or Delay,
Came haiftily to the HARLAW.

XIV. WITH

MARR, Alexander Earl of Mar, Son of Alexander the Governour's Brother,

#### XIV.

WITH him the braif Lord OGILVY,
Of Angus Sherriff-principall,
The Constabill of gude Dunde,
The Vanguard led before them all.
Suppose in Number they war small,
Thay first richt bauldlie did pursew,
And maid thair Faes befoir them fall,
Quha then that Race did fairly rew.

#### XV.

And then the worthy Lord SALTON,

The strong undoubted Laird of DRUM,

The stalwart Laird of Lawristone,

With ilk thair Forces all and sum.

PANMUIR with all his Men did cum,

The Provost of braif Aberdene,

With Trumpets and with Tuick of Drum,

Came schortly in thair Armour schene.

#### XVI.

These with the Erle of MARR came on,
In the Reir-ward richt orderlie,
Thair Enemies to fett upon;
In awfull Manner hardily,

Togither

Togither vowit to live and die, Since they had marchit mony Mylis For to suppress the Tyrannie Of douted DONALD of the Yles.

#### XVII.

Bur he in Number Ten to Ane,
Richt fubtilie alang did ryde,
With Malcomtosch and fell Maclean,
With all thair Power at thair Syde,
Presumeand on thair Strenth and Pryde,
Without all Feir or ony Aw,
Richt bauldlie Battill did abyde,
Hard by the Town of fair HARLAW.

#### XVIII.

THE Armies met, the Trumpet founds,
The dandring Drums alloud did touk,
Baith Armies byding on the Bounds,
Till ane of them the Feild fould bruik.
Nae Help was thairfor, nane wald jouk,
Fers was the Fecht on ilka Syde,
And on the Ground lay mony a Bouk
Of them that thair did Battill byd.

XIX. WITH

#### XIX.

With doutsum Victorie they dealt,
The bludy Battill lastit lang,
Each Man his Nibours Forst thair felt;
The weakest aft-tymes gat the Wrang:
Thair was nae Mowis thair them amang,
Naithing was hard but heavy Knocks,
That Eccho maid a dulefull Sang,
Thairto resounding frae the Rocks.

#### XX.

But Donalds Men at last gaif back;
For they war all out of Array.
The Earl of Marris Men throw them brak,
Pursewing shairply in thair Way,
Thair Enemys to tak or slay,
Be Dynt of Forss to gar them yield,
Quha war richt blyth to win away,
And sae for Feirdness tint the Feild.

#### XXI.

Then Donald fled, and that full faft, .

To Mountains hich for all his Micht;
For he and his war all agast,
And ran till they war out of Sicht;

And .

And fae of Ross he lost his Richt, Thocht mony Men with him he brocht, Towards the Yles sled Day and Nicht, And all he wan was deirlie bocht.

#### XXII.

This is (quod he) the richt Report
Of all that I did heir and knaw,
Thocht my Difcourse be sumthing schort,
Tak this to be a richt suthe Saw:
Contrairie God and the Kings Law,
Thair was spilt mekle Christian Blude,
Into the Battill of Harlaw;
This is the Sum, sae I conclude.

#### XXIII.

But zit a bony Quhyle abyde,
And I fall mak thee cleirly ken
Quhat Slauchter was on ilkay Syde,
Of Lowland and of Highland Men,
Quha for thair awin haif evir bene:
These lazie Lowns micht weil be spaird,
Chessit lyke Deirs into thair Dens,
And gat thair Waiges for Rewaird.

XXIV. MAL-

#### XXIV.

Malcomtosh of the Clan Heid Cheif,

Macklean with his grit hauchty Heid,
With all thair Succour and Releif,
War dulefully dung to the Deid:
And now we are freid of thair Feid,
They will not lang to cum again;
Thousands with them without Remeid,
On Donalds Syd that Day war slain.

#### XXV.

And on the uther Syde war loft,
Into the Feild that difmal Day,
Chief Men of Worth (of mekle Cost)
To be lamentit fair for ay.
The Lord Saltoun of Rothemay,
A Man of Micht and mekle Main;
Grit Dolour was for his Decay,
That sae unhappylie was slain.

#### XXVI.

OF the best Men amang them was,
The gracious gude Lord OGILVY,
The Sheriff-principal of Angus;
Renownit for Truth and Equitie,

For Faith and Magnanimitie;
He had few Fallows in the Field,
Zit fell by fatall Definie,
For he nae ways wad grant to zield.

# XXVII.

SIR James Scrimgeor of Duddap, Knicht,
Grit Constabill of fair Dunde,
Unto the dulefull Deith was dicht,
The Kingis cheif Banner-man was he,
A valziant Man of Chevalrie,
Quhais Predecessors wan that Place
At Spey, with gude King WILLIAM frie,
Gainst Murray and Macduncans Race.

# XXVIII.

Gude Sir Allexander Irving,

The much renownit Laird of Drum,

Nane in his Days was bettir fene,

Quhen they war femblit all and fum;

To praife him we fould not be dumm,

For Valour, Witt and Worthynefs,

To end his Days he ther did cum,

Quhois Ranfom is remeidylefs.

XXIX. AND

# XXIX.

AND thair the Knicht of Lawriston Was flain into his Armour schene, And gude Sir Robert Davidson, Quha Provest was of Aberdene, The Knicht of Panmure, as was fene, A mortall Man in Armour bricht, Sir Thomas Murray stout and kene, Left to the Warld thair last gude Nicht. XXX.

THAIR was not fen King Keneths Days Sic strange intestine crewel Stryf In Scotland sene, as ilk Man says, Quhair mony liklie loft thair Lyfe; Quhilk maid Divorce twene Man and Wyfe, And mony Childrene fatherless, Quhilk in this Realme has bene full ryfe; LORD help these Lands, our Wrangs redress.

# XXXI.

In July, on Saint James his Even, That Four and twenty difmall Day, Twelve hundred, ten Score and eleven Of Zeirs fen CHRYST, the Suthe to fay: Men will remember as they may, Quhen thus the Veritie they knaw, And mony a ane may murn for ay, The brim Battil of the Harlaw.



Ane BALLAT of the fenziet Frier of Tungland, How he fell in the Myre fleand to Turkland.

-9000::0000-

I.

As zung Auror with Chrystal Hail,
In Orient schewd hir Visage pail,
A swenyng Swyth did me assail,
Of Sonis of Sathanis Seid;
Methocht a Turk of Tartary,
Come throw the Bounds of Barbary,
And lay forloppin in Lombardy
Full lang, in Watchmans Weid.

II. FRAE

An Account of this Friar, who was an Italian, may be feen in Mr. Lefly's Hiftory. K. James IV. made him Abbot of Tungland: He pretended and attempted to make Gold out of other Mettals; but failing of that, he next gave out, That he could fly, and very boldly appointed the Day and Place, which was from Stirling-Castle, where the King and many Spectators saw him throw himself with his large Wings from the Rock, and break his Thigh-bone.

# II.

Frae baptaing for to eschew, Thair a religious Man he slew, And cled him in his Habeit new,

For he couth wryte and reid.

Quhen kend was his Diffimulance,
And all his curfit Governance;
For Feir he fled, and come in France,
With litill Lombard Leid.

#### III.

To be a Leiche he fenyt him thair, Quhilk mony micht rew evirmair, For he left nowthir fick nor fair

Unflane, or he hyne zed:
Vane-Organs he full cleinly carvit,
Quhen of his Straik fae mony ftarvit,
Dreid he had got quhat he defarvit,
He fled away gude Speid.

# IV.

In Scotland then the narreft Way
He come, his Cunning till affay;
To fum Men thair it was nae Play,
The preiving of his Sciens.

In Pottingrie he wrocht grit Pyne, He murdreist mony in Medecyne, The Jew was of a grit Engyne, And generit was of Gyans.

## V.

In Leich-craft he was homecyd,
He wald haif for a Nicht to byd,
A Haiknay and the Hurtmans Hyd,
Sae mekle he was of Myance.
His Yrons was rude as ony Rawchter,
Quhair he leit Blude, it was nae Lauchter;
Full mony an Instrument for Slauchter
Was in his Gardevyance.

# VI.

HE couth gif Cure for Laxatyve,
To gar a wicht Horse want his Lyse,
Quha eir assay wald Man or Wyse,
Thair Hipps zied hiddy-giddy.
His Practicks neir war put to Preis,
Bot sudden Deid or grit Mischies;
He had Purgation to mak a Thies
To die without a Widdy.

VII. UNTO

# VII.

Unto nae Mess eir prest this Prelat,
For Sound of facring Bell nor Skellat,
As Blacksmyth brukit was his Pallat,
For batting at the Study.
Thocht he come hame a new maid Channoun.
He had dispensit with Matynis Cannoun
On him come nowdir Stole nor Fannoun,
For smuking of the Smydy.

#### VIII.

METHOCHT feir Fassonis he affailziet
To mak the Quintessance, and failziet;
And when he saw that nocht availziet,
A Fedrem on he tuke:
And schupe in Turkie for to slie,
And quhen that he did mont on hie,
All Fowl ferliet quhat he sould be,
That did upon him luke.

# IX.

Sum held he had bene Dedalus,
Sum the Minatour marvellous,
And fum the Smyth of Mars, Vulcanus,
And fum Saturnus Kuke.

And ay the Cuschetts at him tuggit,
The Ruiks him rent, the Ravyns druggit;
The hudit Craws his Hair furth ruggit,
The Hevin he micht not bruke.

#### X.

THE Mytane and Saint Martyns Fowl
Wend he had bene the hornit Howle;
They fet upon him with a Zowle,
And gaif him Dynt for Dynt.
The Golk, the Gormaw, and the Gled,
Beft him with Buffets till he bled;
The Spar-halk to the Spring him fped,
As fers as Fyre off Flint.

# XI.

THE Tarfall gaif him Tug for Tug,

A Stanchell hang in ilka Lug,

The Pyot furth his Pens did rug,

The Stork straik ay bot Stynt.

The Bissart bissy bot Rebuke,

Scho was sae cleverous of her Cluke,

His B——s he micht nae langer bruke,

Scho held them at a Hynt.

XII. THICK

# XII.

THICK was the Cloud of Kayis and Crawis,
Of Marlzeons, Mittains, and of Mawis,
That bikkirt at his Baird with Blawis,
In Battill him about.
They nybillt him with dinfome Cry,
The Rerd of them raife to the Sky,
And evir he cryd on Fortune, Fy,
His Lyfe was into Dowt.

# XIII.

The Jae him skrippit with a Skryke,
And skornit him as it was lyk,
The Egill strong at him did stryk,
And rawcht him mony a Rout.
For Feir uncunnandly he cawkit,
Quhyle all his Penns wer drownt and drawkit,
He maid a hundreth Nolt all hawkit,
Beneath him with a Spowt.

# XIV.

HE schure his Feddreme that was schene,
And slippit out of it sull clene,
And in a Myre, up to the Ene,
Amang the Glar did glyd.

The Fowlis all at the Fedreme dang, As at a Monster, them amang, Quhyle all the Penns of it outsprang Intill the Air full wyde.

#### XV.

And he lay at the Plunge eirmair,
Sae langs he hard a Ravin rair;
The Craws him focht with Crys of Cair
In every Schaw befyde.
Had he reveild bene to the Ruiks,
They had him riven with thair Cluiks:
Thre Days in Dubs amang the Duiks,
He did with Dirt him hyde.

# XVI.

The Air was dirkint with the Fowls,
That came with Zawmers and with Zowls,
With Skryking, Skryming, and with Scouls
To tak him in the Tyde.

I walknit with the Noyss and Schout, Sic hydious Beir was me about, Sensyne I curst that cankirt Rout, Quaireir I gang or ryde.

Finis quod DUNBAR.



# TYDINGS frae the Session.

-:0:0:0:0:0:0:0:0:0:0:0:

I.

A MURELANDS Man of Uplands Mak,
At Hame thus to his Nychbour spak,
What Tydings, Gossip, Peice or Weir?
The tother rounit in his Eir,
I tell zou this under Confession,
But laitly lichtit aff my Meir,
I come of Edinburgh frae the Session.

# II.

Quhat Tydings hard ze thair, I pray zou?
The tother answert, I fall say zou,
Keip this all secreit, gentil Brothir,
Is nae Man thair that trests ane uther:
A common Doer of Transgression,
Of Innocents preveins a Futher:
Sic Tydings hard I at the Session.

III. SUM

#### III.

Sum with his Maik, rowns him to pleis,
That envyous wald byt aff his Neis;
His Fae him by the Oxter leids;
Sum Patters with his Mouth on Beids,
That has his Mynd all on Opprefion:
Sum becks full law, and schaws bair Heids,
Wald luke full heich war not the Session.

#### IV.

Sum bydand Law, lays Land in Wed;
Sum fuperexpendit gaes to Bed,
Sum fpeids, cause he in Court has Meins,
Sum of Partiality compleins,
How Feid and Favour fleims Discretion:
Sum speiks full fair and falsly feins;
Sic Things I hard and faw at Session.

# V.

Sum Summonds cafts, and fum excepts,
Sum stand befyd and skaild Law kepps;
Sum is delayd, fum wins, fum tynes;
Sum maks him merry at the Wynes;
Sum is put out of his Possession;
Sum herrit, and on Credance dynes;
Sic Tydings hard I at the Session.

VI. Sum

# VI.

Sum fweirs, and gaes clein up with GOD,
Sum in a Lamb-skin is a Tod,
Sum in his Tung his Kindness turses,
Sum cuts at Throats, and sum pyks Purses:
Sum gaes to Gallows with Procession;
Sum fains the Seit, and sum them curses;
Sic Tydings hard I at the Session.

#### VII.

Religious Men of divers Places,
Cum thair to wou, and fee fair Faces,
Baith Carmelites and Cordiliers,
To Gemer cum, and get mae Friers,
Unmindful of thair cheft Profession,
The zunger at the elder leirs;
Sic Tydings hard I at the Session.

# VIII.

THAIR cums zung Monks of hie Complexion,
Of Mynd devote, Luve and Affection;
And in the Court thair het Flesh dant,
Full Father-lyk, with Pech and Pant:
They are sae humble of Intercession,
Thair Errand all kynd Women grant:
Sic Tydings hard I at the Session.

IX. Sum

#### IX.

Sum honest Lords adorn the Bench,
Sum mynds nocht but his Wine and Wench;
Sum has Law Learning of his awin,
Sum wants and lippens to his Man,
In ilka Cause to get a Lesson;
Sum cankirt girns, be Party thrawin,
And sleims fair Justice frae the Session.

#### X.

THE Advocates I may nocht wyte,

Nor yet the Lads that Lybalds wryte;

For its thair Craft, and they maun fen,

This has nae Spevie in his Pen,

Nor that a Palfie in Expression;

But weil I wate an of ilk Ten,

Micht very weil gane all the Session.

Quod DUNBAR.





#### A

# Generall SATYRE.



I.

DEVORIT with Dreim devising in my Slumber,
How that this Realm with Nobles out of
Number,

Gydit, provydit fae mony Years has bene; And now fic Hunger, fic Cowarts, and fic Cumber, Within this Land was nevir hard nor fene.

# II.

Sic Pryd with Prelats, fae few to preich and pray; Sic hunt of Harlots, with them baith Nicht and Day, They that fould have ay thair God afore thair Ene, Sae nyce in Array, fae strange to thair Abay, Within this Land was nevir hard or fene.

III. SAE

#### III.

SAE mony Preifts cled up in fecular Weid,
With blafing Breifts, cafting thair Clais abreid;
It is no Neid to tell of quhome I mein,
To quhome the Creid and Testament to reid
Within this Land was nevir hard nor sene.

#### IV.

SAE mony Maisters, sae mony gowckit Clerks, Sae mony Waisters, to God and all His Warks, Sic fyrie Sparks, dispytful frae the Splene, Sic losin Sarks, sae mony Glengore Marks, Within, &c.

## V.

SAE mony Lords, fae mony naturale Fules,
That better accords, to play them at the Trules,
Nor feis the Dules, that commons did fustene.
New tane frae Schules, fae mony Anis and Mules,
Within, &c.

# VI.

SAE meikle Treasson, sae mony partial Saws,
Sae little Reason, to help the common Cause,
That all the Laws are not set by ane Bene,
Sic senziet Flaws, sae mony wastit Waws,
Within, &c.

VII. SAE

# VII.

Sae grit Releivs of Lords them till deffend,
Because they spend the Pelf them betwene,
Sae few till wend this Mischeif till amend,
Within, &c.

# VIII.

This to correct, they shore with mony Cracks, But small the Effect of Speir or bartar Ax, [kein, Quhen Courage lacks, that suld the Corss mak Sae mony Jacks, and Brats on Beggars Baks, Within, &c.

#### IX.

Sic Vant of Wouftours, with Hearts in finful Satures, Sic brawland Bosters, degenerate frae thair Natures, And sic Regratours, the pure Man to prevene; Sae mony Traytors, sae mony Rubeators, Within, &c.

# X.

SAE mony Juges, and Lords new made of late,
Sae small Refuges, the pure Man to debate;
Sae mony Estate, for common Weil sae quhene,
Owre all the Gate, sae mony Theives sa tait,
Within, &c.

XI. SAE

#### XI.

SAE mony a Sentance retreitit for to win
Geir and Aquentance, or Kyndness of thair Kin;
Thay think nae Sin, quhair Proffit cums betwene
Sae mony a Gin, to haist them to the Pin,
Within, &c.

#### XII.

Sic Knavis and Crakkars, to play at Cards and Dyce, Sic Haland-Shakers, quhilk ate Cowkelbys Gryce, Ar halden of Pryce, when Lymers do convene; Sic Store of Vyce, sae mony Witts unwyfe, Within, &c.

#### XIII.

SAE mony Merchands, fae mony ar mensworne, Sic pure Tennands, fic cursing Ein and Morn, Quhilk slays the Corn, and Fruit that grows grene; Sic Skaith and Skorn, fae mony Paitlaits worn, Within, &c.

# XIV.

SAE mony Rackets, fae mony Ketch Pillars,
Sic Balls, fic Nackets, and fic Tutivilaris,
And fic Ill-willars, to fpeik of King and Quene,
Sic Pudding-fillars, descending down frae Millars,
Within, &c.

XV. Sic

# XV.

Sic Fardingails on Flags as fat as Quhails,
Fattit lyk Fouls, with Hatts that nocht avails,
And fic foul Tails, to fweip the Caufy clene,
The Dust up fails, fae mony with uck fails
Within, &c.

# XVI.

SAE mony a Kitty, dreft up in Golden Chenze,
Sae few witty, that weil can Fables fenze,
With apil Renze, ay fhawand her Golden Chene;
Of Sathans Senzie fure fic an unfall Menzie
Within this Land was nevir hard nor fene.

Quod DUNBAR.



# \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

# Wife SAYINGS.

I't that I gife, I haif,
It that I len, I craif,
It that I fpend, is myne,
It that I leif, I tyne:

Get and faif, and thou falt haif,
Len and grant, and thou falt want;
Wha in his Plenty taks not Heid,
He fall haif Falt in Tyme of Neid:

When eir I lend,
I am a Friend,
And whan I craif,
I am unkynd;
Thus of my Friend, I mak a Fae,
I shrew me, gif I mair do sae.

A zung Man Chiftane, wittles,
A pure Man Spendar, gettles,
Ane auld Man Trechour, truthless,
A Woman Lowpar, landless;
Be gude Saint Giel,
Sall nevir ane of thir do weil.

THE



# THE

# COMPLAINT.

An EPISTLE to his Mistress on the Force of Luve.



I.

OUHAIR Luve is kendlit comfortless,
Ther is nae Fever half sae fell,
Frae Cupid keist his Dart begess,
I had nae Hap to saif my fell,
Lyk as my wofull Heart can tell,
My inwart Pains and Siching sair;
For weil I wat the Pains of Hell
Unto my Pain can nocht compair.

II. For

# II.

For ony Malledy, ze ken,

Except peuir Luve, or than stark Deid,
Help may be had frae Hands of Men,
Throw Medicines to mak Remeid:
For Harms of Body, Hands or Heid,
The Pottingars will purge the Pains;
But all the Members are at Feid,
Quhair that the Law of Luve remains.

#### III.

As Tantalus in Watter stands,

To stanche his thristy Appetyte,
Bewailing Body, Heid and Hands,

The River sleis him in Dispyte;
Sae does my lusty Lady qwhyte,
She sleis the Place where I repair:

To hungry Men is smal Delyte
To twitch the Meit, and eit nae mair.

# IV.

THE nar the Flame, the hetter Fyre,
The mair I pyne, zet I persew,
The mair enkindlis my Disyre,
Frae I behald her heavenly Hew;

Pure *Piramus* himself he slew, Made Saul and Body to disfaver, He diet but anes, farwel, adiew, I daylie die, and zet dies never.

V.

ZIT Jason did enjoy Medea,
And Theseus gat his Adriane,
Dido dissaved was with Enea,
And Demophoy his Lady wan;
Gif Women trowd sic Traytors than,
For till enjoy the Fruits of Luve,
Quhy wald ze slay zour saikles Man,
Quha never mynds for to remuve.

# VI.

THOCHT ferss Achil, that worthie Knicht,
Was slain for Luve, the Suthe to say,
Leander on a stormy Nicht
Diet sleitand on the Billous gray;
Thocht Troyalus he langourt ay,
Still waitand for his Luves Return,
Had not sic Pyne (thairs was but Play)
As daylie does my Body burn.

VII. As

# VII.

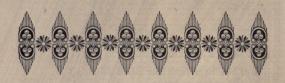
As Pol to Pylatts does appeir
Far brichtar than the Stars about,
Sae does zour Vifage shine as cleir
As Rose amang the raskal Rout;
War Paris leivand now, bot Dout,
And had the Golden Ball to serve,
I wate he wald sune wail zou out,
And leif baith Venus and Minerve.

# VIII.

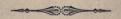
Now Paper pas, and at her fpeir,
Gif pleise her Prudence to imprint it?
My faithfull Heart I send it heir,
In Signe of Paper I present it;
Wad God my Body war fornent it,
That I micht serve hir Grace bot Glammer,
To be hir Knaif I am contentit,
Or smallest Varlet of hir Chammer.

Quod King HENRY STEWART.





CUPID quareld for his Tyrannie, Blindnes and Injustice.



I.

OUHOME fould I wyt for my Mischance,
But Cupid King of Variance,
Thy Court, without Confiderance,
Quhen I it knew,
Or evir made the Observance,
Richt sair I rew.

II.

Thou and thy Law ar Inftruments
Of divers Inconveniments;
Thy Service mony fair repents,
Knawing the Quarrell,
Quhen Body, Fame and Substance shents,
And Saul in Perel.

III. QUHAT

#### III.

QUHAT is thy Manrent but Mischeif,
Sturt, Anger, Grunching, Yre and Greif,
Ill Lyfe, and Langour bot Releife,
Of wounds sae wan,
Displisour, Pain, and hie Repreife
Of God and Man.

#### IV.

Thou luves all them that loudeft leis,
And follows fafteft them that fleis;
Thou lichtlies all trew Properties
Of Luve express,
And marks quhen neir a Styme thou seis,
And hits begess.

# V.

BLIND Buk! but at the Bound thou shutes,
And them forbeirs that thee rebutes;
Thou ryves thair Hearts ay frae the Rutes,
Quilk ar thy awin,
And cures them that cares not three Cutes
To be misknawn.

VI. Thou

# VI.

Thou art in Friendship with thy Fae,
And to thy best Friends fremit ay,
Thou sleims all faithful Men thee frae,
Of stedfast Thocht,
Regarding nane but them perfay
That cures the nocht.

# VII.

Thou chirries them that with thee chyds,
And bannies them with thee abyds:
Thou hes thy Horn ay in thair Syds
That cannot flie;
Thay furder warst in thee confyds,
I say for me.

Quod ALEXT. SCOT.





# THE

Auld Mans inveighing against Mouth-Thankless.



I.

A NE agit Man twyce Forty Zeirs,
After the haly Days of Zule,
I hard him carp amang the Freirs,
Of Order gray, makand grit Dule,
Richt as he war a furious Fule;
Aft-tymes he ficht, and faid Alace!
Be Claud my Care may nevir cule,
That I fervt evir Mouth-thankless.

II.

Throch Ignorance, and Folly, Zouth,
My Preterit Tyme I wald neir fpair,
Plefance to put into that Mouth,
Till Aige faid, Fule, let be thy Fare,

And

And now my Heid is qubyt and liair,
For feiding of that fowmart Face,
Quhairfor I murn baith late and air,
That I fervt evir Mouth-thankless.

# III.

Silver and Gold that I micht get
Beifands, Brotches, Robes and Rings,
Frelie to gife, I wald nocht let,
To pleife the Mulls attour all Things.
Right as the Swan for Sorrow fings,
Before her Deid a little Space,
Richt fae do I, and my Hands wrings,
That I fervt evir Mouth-thanklefs.

# IV.

BETTIR it were a Man to ferve
With Honour brave beneath a Sheild,
Nor her to pleis, thocht thou fould sterve,
That will not luke on thee in Eild,
Frae that thou has nae Hair to heild
Thy Heid frae harming that it hes,
Quhen Pen and Purse and all ar peild,
Tak then a Meis of Mouth-thankless.

# V.

It may be in Example fene,

The Grund of Truth wha understude,

\* Frae in thy Bag thou beirs thyne Een,

Thou gets nae Grace but for thy Gude,

At Venus Closet, to conclude,

Call ze not this a cankert Case:

Now God help and the haly Rude,

And keip all Men frae Mouth-thankless.

#### VI.

O brukil Zouth in Tyme behald,
And in thy Heart thir Words gae graif,
Or thy Complexion gather Cauld,
Amend thy Miss, thy felf to faif,
The Bliss abune gif thou wald haif,
And of thy Gilt Remit and Grace.
All this I hard an auld Man raif,
After the Zule, of Mouth-thankless.

Quod KENNEDY.

<sup>\*</sup> Makes use of Spectacles.



The Soutar descrivit by the Tailzior.



I.

Thou leis Loun, thou leis, thou leis,
Zone are Soutars that thou feis,
Kneiland full lawly on thair Kneis,
Thair Gods till adorn.
Be Saint Girnega, that grim Ghaist,
To hale ther Hairsnesses on haist,
Of moltin Tauch thay tak a Test
On Monandays at Morn.

II.

To hald them halesome at the Heart, Sum of fat Uly spews a Quart, Uthers a Pynt for thair awn Part, Of soul Soutars Blek,

Thus

Thus fum fits, and fum fews,
Sum byts the Birs, fum Uly fpews,
And he keips ay best his Kews,
Spouts in his Nichbours Nek.

# III.

OF Tauch or Uly when thay want,
Sir Girnega will give a Gant,
And bok a Pynt at ilka Pant,
And dr— them Roset rowth.
Wald Man and Wyf all do as I,
When eir we faw them we fould cry,
Fy on them, fich! and fy! fy! fy!
Thay fyle the Wind in trowth.





# THE

# Soutars Answer to the Tailzior.



I.

FALSE clatterand Kenfy, Kuckold Knaif,
Blasphemand Baird in thy Backbyting,
Of me thou sall an Answer haif,
Fumart cum forth, and face my Flyting,
Warse than a Warlo in thy Wryting;
Thou Sathans Seid ay set to Evil,
Mandrag, Memerkyn, mismade Myting,
I sall thee conjure lyk the Devil.

II.

Fy on the Tailzior never trew,
Frae Claith weil can thou cleik a Clout,
Of Stomoks flown baith red and blew,
A Bag fou anes thou bore about.

They

They followt thee with Cry and Shout, Hey, hald the Thief that staw the Claith; Thou will be hangt, haif thou nae Dout, For mony presumptous forsworn Aith.

# III.

Amang the Wyves it fall be witten
Thou was ane Knakat in the Way,
For loufy Seims that thou haft bitten,
Thy Gumes are giltin grein and gray;
Thy Couch is on a Sonk of Strae,
Peild Prick-loufe of a Pudding Price,
Breik Boutcher on a Suny Brae;
Wae worth thee Wirryar of quhyt Lyce.

# IV.

Thou zeid with Elwand, Sheir and Thymbill,
Full mony a Day feikand thy Craft;
For Halfpenies thy Hand zeid nimble,
Grit Blads and Bitts thou staw full aft;
Quha delt with thee thay wer full daft,
For on thy Back, as all Men kens,
Wer broken mony a gude Ax Shaft,
For wrangus Geir of uther Mens.

V. THY

V.

Thy Wyfe scho wont a Man she gat
Of thee, quhen that thou was weil brankit,
And scho gat but ane Cur Knakat,
A foul Taid Carle, all Tailzior shankit,
For Clais that thou mismade and mankit,
Thou dar not dwell wher thou was born;
Zet afterwart thou sall be hankit
Betwixt Kirkaldy and Kingorne.

Quod STEWART.

BETWIX twa Tods a crawing Cok,
Betwix twa Friers a Maid in her Smok,
Betwix twa Cats a Mous,
Betwix twa Tailziors a Lous;
Schaw me, gude Sir, not as a Stranger,
Quhilk of thir Fours in gritest Danger?

# ANSWER.

Foxis ar fell at crawing Coks, Friers are fers at Maids in thair Smoks, Cats ar cautelus in taking Myce, Tailziors ar Tyrrans in killing Lyce.



# A BALLAT made to the Scorn and Derision of wanton Women.



I.

ZE lufty Ladyis, luke
The rackles Lyves ze leid,
Haunt nocht in Hole or Nuke,
To hurt zour Womanheid;
I red, for beft Remeid,
Forbeir all Place prophane;
Gif this be Cause of Feid,
I sall not sayt again.

II.

QUHAT is fic Luve but Luft,
A lytill for Delyte,
To hant that Game robust,
And beiftly Apetyte;

I now-

I nowther fleich nor flyte, But Veritie tell plain; Tak ye this in Defpyte, I fall not fayt again.

# III.

THE wyfeft Scho may fone
Seducit be and fchent,
Syne frae the Deid be done,
Perchance fall fair repent;
Ower late is to lament,
Frae Belly dow not lane,
Therfor in Tyme tak tent:
I fall not fayt again.

# IV.

LICHT Wenches Luve will fawin,
Evin lyke a Spanzeolis Lauchter,
To \* \* \*

Be them, lift Geir bechaucht hir; For Conzie ze may caucht hir, To \* \* \*

And nevir speir quhais aucht hir; I fall not sayt again.

V. Тноснт

#### V.

Thocht bruckle Women hants
In Lust to leid their Lyvis,
And Widdow Men that wants
To steil a Pair of Wyvis;
But quhere that marriet Wyvis
Gaes by thair Husbands Bane,
That Houshald nevir thryvis,
I sayt, and sayt again.

#### VI.

It fets not Maidens als
To let Men lowfe thair Lace,
Nor clym about Mens Hals,
To clap, to kifs, and brace,
Nor round in fecret Place;
Sic Treatment is a Train
To cleave thair Quaver-Cafe,
And breid them Dule and Pain.

## VII.

Fareweil with Cheftetie,
Frae Wenches fall a Chucking,
Thair follows Things thre,
To gar them gae a Gucking,

Imbracing,

Imbracing, Tigging, Plucking;
Thir foure the Suth to fane,
Enforfis them \* \* \*
I fall not fayt again.

## VIII.

Sum lykes new cum to Toun,
With Jeigs to mak them joly,
Sum lykes danss up and doun
To mies thair Melancholy;
Sum lykes Sang, troly loly,
And sum of rigging fain;
Lyk Fillocks full of Foly,
With litle Gier thair ain.

## IX.

Sum Mune-brunt Maidens myld, At None-tyde of the Nicht, Are chapit up with Chyld, Bot Coal or Candle-licht;

Sua

Enforfis them \* \* \* 'Tis not impossible but a complete Copy of this old Ballad may be found to supply these few Blanks.

Sua fum faid, Mayds has Slicht To play, and tak nae Pane, Syne fchift thair fells frae Sicht, I fall not fayt again.

## X.

Sum thinks nae Schame to clap
And kifs in open Ways;
Sum cannot keip her ap
Frae lanfing, as fcho lyes;
Sum goes fae gymp in Gyfe,
Or fcho war kiffd, but plain,
Scho leur be married thryis,
And thre Tymes thryis again.

## XI.

MAIR Gentrice is to jot
Undir a Silkin Goun,
Than with quhyt Pettycot
And redyar ay boun,
The denkest sonest doun,
The fairest but refrain,
The gayest greatest Loun,
But dinna tellt again.

XII. THE

## XII.

THE moir degest and grave, The grydiar \* \* \* The nycest to ressave Upon thair \* \* \* The quhytlieft will quhipit, And nocht thair \* \* \* The lefs, the larger hippit; I fall not fayt again.

## XIII.

Lo Ladyis gif this be, A gude Counfale I geife zou, To fave zour Honestie, Frae Sklander to releife zou; But Ballats mae to breif zou, I will not break my Brain, Suppose ze fould mischeive you, I fall not fayt again.

Quod Scott.





On the Uncertainty of Life and Fear of Death, or a Lament for the Loss of the Poets.

-0000:2:0000-

I.

OUR Pleasance heir is all vain Glory, This Warld false but transatory; The Flesh is bruckle, the Feynd is slie, Timor mortis conturbat me.

II.

THE State of Man dois change and vary, Now found, now feik, now blyth, now fary, Now danfand merry, now lyk to die, Timor mortis conturbat me.

III.

No State in all the Eard flands ficker, But as the West-Wind wavis the wicker, Sae wanes this warldly Vanity, Timor mortis, &c.

IV. Doun

## IV.

Doun to the Death gois all Estates, Princes, Prelates and Potentates, Baith rich and pure of all Degree, Timor, &c.

## V.

HE taks the Knichts into the Feild, Enarmed under Helm and Sheild, He Victor is at all mellie, Timor, &c.

## VI.

THAT strang invynsable Tyrrand
Taks, on the Muthers Breist suckand,
The Babe, full of Benignitie,
Timor, &c.

## VII.

HE taks the Campion in the Stour,
The Captain closd within the Towir,
The Lady in Bowre, full of Bewtie,
Timor, &c.

VIII. HE

## VIII.

He spares no Lord for his Pusiance, Nor Clerk for his Intelligence; His awfull Strake may no Man flee, Timor, &c.

## IX.

ART Magicians and Aftrologs, Rethoris, Logitians, Theologs, Get Help frae nae Conclusions slee, Timor, &c.

## X.

In Medecyne the most Practitians, Leiches, Surrigians and Phesitians, Themselves frae Death may not supplie, Timor, &c.

## XI.

I fee the Makkars, mang the laif, Plays here thair Padzians, fyne goes to Graif; Not spairt is thair sweit Facultie, Timor, &c.

XII. HE

## XII.

HE has done petously devore,
The nobil \*Chawser of Makkars Flowir,
The Monk of Berry and Gower all thre,
Timor mortis conturbat me.

## XIII.

THE gude Sr Hew of Eglintoun, Etrick, Heriot and Winton, He has tane out of this Countrey, Timor, &c.

## XIV.

THAT Scorpion fell has done infek, Maister John Clerk and James Affleck, Frae Ballat making and Tragedy, Timor, &c.

XV. Ho-

<sup>\* &#</sup>x27;Tis worthy of Notice how generously Mr. Dunbar pays his Respects to the Memory of the renowned Chaucer, Gower and Lidgate, before he names his own Country Poets.

## XV.

Holand and Barbor he has bereft, Allace! that he not with us left Sr Mungo Lockhart of the Lie, Timor mortis conturbat me.

#### XVI.

CLERK of Tranent eik he has tane, That made the Aventers of Sr Gawane, Sr Gilbert Gray endit has he, Timor, &c.

## XVII.

HE has Blind Hary and Sandy Trail
Slain with his Shot of mortall Hail,
Quhilk Patrick Johnson micht not flie,
Timor, &c.

## XVIII.

HE has reft Merfar his Indyte, That did in Luve fo lyflie wryte, So schort, so quick, of Sentens hie, Timor, &c.

XIX. HE

## XIX.

HE has tane Rowl of Aberdene,
And gentle Rowl of Corftorphyne;
Twa bettir Fallows did no Man fie,
Timor mortis conturbat me.

## XX.

In Dumfermling he has tane Broun, With gude Mr. Robert Henryson; Sr John the Ross imbraist has he, Timor, &c.

## XXI.

And he has now tane, last of aw,
The gentle Stobo and Quintene Schaw,
Of quhome all Wichts has grit Pitie,
Timor, &c.

## XXII.

And Mr. Walter Kennedy
In Poynt of Death lyes werely;
Grit Rewth it wer that fo fould be,
Timor, &c.

XXIII. SEN

#### XXIII.

SEN he has all my Brethren tane, He will not let me leive alane; On Forss I maun his nixt Prey be, Timor, &c.

## XXIV.

SEN for the Death Remeid is none, Best is that we for Death dispone; Aftir our Death, that live may we, Timor mortis conturbat me.



## POSTSCRIPT.

## XXV.

SUTHE I forfie, if Spae-craft had, Frae Hethir-Muirs fall ryfe a LAD, Aftir twa Centries pas, fall he Revive our Fame and Memorie.

XXVI. THEN

## XXVI.

THEN fall we flourish EVIR GRENE;
All Thanks to carefull Bannantyne,
And to the \*PATRON kind and frie,
Quha lends the LAD baith them and me.

## XXVII.

FAR fall we fare, baith Eist and West, Owre ilka Clyme by Scots posses; Then sen our Warks fall nevir die, Timor mortis non turbat me.

Quod DUNBAR.



<sup>\*</sup> Patron, Mr. William Carmichael, Brother to the Earl of Hyndford, who lent A. R. that curious MSS. collected by Mr. George Bannantyne, Anno 1568, from whence these Poems are printed.



# The WIFE of Auchtermuchty.



I.

IN Auchtermuchty dwelt a Man,
An Husband, as I heard it tawld,
Quha weil coud tipple out a Can,
And nowther luvit Hungir nor Cauld,
Till anes it fell upon a Day,
He zokit his Plewch upon the Plain;
But schort the Storm wald let him stay,
Sair blew the Day with Wind and Rain.

## II.

HE lowfd the Plewch at the Lands End,
And draife his Owfen hame at Ene;
Quhen he came in he blinkit ben,
And faw his Wyfe baith dry and clene,
Set beikand by a Fyre full bauld,
Suppand fat Sowp, as I heard fay:
The Man being weary, wet and cauld,
Betwein thir twa it was nae Play.

III. Quod

## III.

Quod he, quhair is my Horses Corn,
My Owsen has nae Hay nor Strae,
Dame, ye maun to the Plewch the Morn,
I sall be Hussy gif I may.
This Seid-time it proves cauld and bad,
And ze sit warm, nae Troubles se;
The Morn ze sall gae with the Lad,
And syne zeil ken what Drinkers drie.

## IV.

GUDEMAN, quod scho, content am I,
To tak the Plewch my Day about,
Sae ye rule weil the Kaves and Ky,
And all the House baith in and out:
And now sen ze haif made the Law,
Then gyde all richt and do not break;
They sicker raid that neir did faw,
Therfor let naithing be neglect.

## V.

But fen ye will Huffyskep ken,

First ye maun sift and syne sall kned;

And ay as ze gang butt and ben,

Luke that the Bairns dryt not the Bed:

And lay a faft Wysp to the Kiln, We haif a dear Farm on our Heid; And ay as ze gang forth and in, Keip weil the Gaislings frae the Gled.

## VI.

THE Wyfe was up richt late at Ene,
I pray Luck gife her ill to fair,
Scho kirn'd the Kirn, and skumt it clene,
Left the Gudeman but bledoch bair:
Then in the Morning up scho gat;
And on hir Heart laid hir Disjune,
And pat as mekle in hir Lap,
As micht haif serd them baith at Nune.

## VII.

Says, Jok, be thou Maister of Wark,
And thou sall had, and I sall ka,
Ise promise thee a gude new Sark,
Either of round Claith or of sma.
Scho lowst the Owsen aught or nyne,
And bynt a Gad-staff in her Hand:
Up the Gudeman raise aftir syne,
And saw the Wyse had done Command.

VIII. HE

# VIII.

HE draif the Gaislings forth to feid,

Thair was but sevensum of them aw,
And by thair comes the greidy Gled,
And lickt up five, left him but twa:
Then out he ran in all his Mane,
How sune he hard the Gaislings cry;
But than or he came in again,
The Kaves brak louse and suckt the Ky.

## IX.

THE Kaves and Ky met in the Loan,
The Man ran with a Rung to red,
Than by cam an illwilly Roan,
And brodit his Buttoks till they bled:
Syne up he tuke a Rok of Tow,
And he fat down to fey the Spinning;
He loutit doun our neir the Low,
Quod he this Wark has ill Beginning.

## X.

THE Leam up throu the Lum did flow,
The Sute tuke Fyre it flyed him than,
Sum Lumps did fall and burn his Pow;
I wat he was a dirty Man:

Zit he gat Water in a Pan,

Quherwith he flokend out the Fyre:

To foup the House he fyne began,

To had all richt was his Desyre.

## XI.

Hynd to the Kirn then did he floure,
And jumblit at it till he fwat,
Quhen he had rumblit a full lang Hour,
The Sorrow crap of Butter he gat;
Albeit nae Butter he could get,
Zit he was cummert with the Kirn,
And fyne he het the Milk fae het,
That ill a Spark of it wad zyrne.

## XII.

Then ben thair cam a greidy Sow,

I trow he cund hir litle Thank:

For in fcho fhot hir mekle Mow,

And ay fcho winkit, and ay fcho drank.

He tuke the Kirnstaff be the Schank,

And thocht to reik the Sow a Rout,

The twa left Gaislings gat a Clank,

That Straik dang baith thair Harns out.

XIII. Then

# XIII.

Then he bure Kendling to the Kill,

But scho start all up in a Low,

Quhat eir he heard what eir he saw,

That Day he had nae Will to \* \*

Then he zied to take up the Bairns,

Thocht to have fund them sair and clene;

The first that he gat in his Arms,

Was a bedirtin to the Ene.

## XIV.

The first it smelt sae sappylie,

To touch the lave he did not grein:
The Deil cut aff thair Hands, quoth he,

That cramd zour Kytes sae strute zestrein.
He traild the soul Sheits down the Gate,

Thocht to haif wush them on a Stane,
The Burn was risen grit of Spait,

Away frae him the Sheits has tane.

## XV.

THEN up he gat on a Know-heid,
On hir to cry, on hir to schout:
Scho hard him, and scho hard him not,
But stoutly steird the Stots about.

Scho draif the Day unto the Nicht,
Scho lowft the Plewch, and fyne cam hame;
Scho fand all wrang that fould bene richt,
I trow the Man thocht mekle Schame.

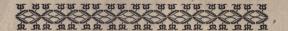
## XVI.

QUOTH he, my Office I forfake,
For all the hale Days of my Lyfe;
For I wald put a House to Wraik,
Had I been twenty Days Gudewyse.
Quoth scho, weil mot ze bruke your Place,
For truely I sall neir accept it;
Quoth he, Feynd sa the Lyars Face,
But zit ze may be blyth to get it.

## XVII.

Then up scho gat a mekle Rung;
And the Gudeman made to the Dore,
Quoth he, Dame, I sall hald my Tung,
For and we fecht I'll get the war:
Quoth he, when I forfuke my Plewch,
I trow I but forfuke my Skill:
Then I will to my Plewch again;
For I and this House will nevir do weil.

Quod Moffat.



The Borrowstoun Mous, and the Landwart Mous.

I.

E Asop relates a Tale weil worth Renown,
Of twa wie Myce, and they war Sifters deir,
Of quhom the Elder dwelt in Borrowftoun,
The Zunger scho wond upon Land weil neir,
Richt solitair beneth the Buss and Breir,
Quhyle on the Corns and Wraith of labouring Men,
As Outlaws do, scho maid an easy Fen.

## II.

The Rural Mous, unto the Winter-tyde,
Thold Cauld and Hunger aft, and grit Diffress:
The uther Mous that in the Burgh can byde,
Was Gilt-bruther, and made a frie Burges,
Tol frie, and without Custom mair or less,
And Friedom had to gae quhair eir scho list,
Amang the Cheis and Meil in Ark or Kist.

III. ANE

## III.

Ane Tyme when scho was full, and on Fute fair,
Scho tuke in Mynd her Sister up-on-Land,
And langt to ken her Weilfair and her Cheir,
And se quhat Lyf scho led under the Wand:
Bare-sute alane, with Pykstaff in her Hand,
As Pilgrim pure scho past out of the Toun
To seik her Sister, baith in Dale and Doun.

## IV.

Throw mony wilfum Ways then couth fcho walk, Throw Mure and Moss, throwout Bank, Busk and Breir,

Frae Fur to Fur, cryand frae Balk to Balk,

Cum furth to me, my awin fweit Sister deir,

Cry, peip anes,—with that the Mous couth heir,

And knew her Voce, as kindly Kinsmen will,

Scho hard with Joy, and furth scho came her till.

## V.

THAIR hearty Cheir was plefand to be fene,

Quhen thir twa Sifters kind with Blythness met,

Quhilk aften Syss was shawin them twa betwein;

For quhyls they leuch, and quhyls for Joy they grat,

Quhyls sweitly kist, and quhyls in Arms they plet:

And

And thus they fure, till fobirt was thair Meid, Syne Fute for Fute they to thair Chalmer zeid.

## VI.

As I hard fay, it was a femple Wane
Of Fog and Fern, full fecklefly was maid,
A filly Sheil, under a Eard-faft Stane,
Of quhilk the Entrie was not hie nor braid;
Into the fame they went bot mair abaid,
Withouten Fyre or Candle birnand bricht,
For commonly fic Pykers luves not Licht.

## VII.

Quhen thus wer lugit thir twa filly Myce,

The zungest Sister to her Butrie hyed,

And brocht furth Nuts and Peis insteid of Spyce,

And sic plain Cheir as scho had her besyde:

The Burges Mous sae dynk and full of Pryde,

Sayd, Sister myne, Is this zour daylie Fude?

Quhy not, quod scho, think ze this Mess not gude?

## VIII.

NA, be my Saul, methink it but a Scorn;
Madame, quod scho, ye be the mair to blame:
My Moder said, aftir that we wer born,

That

That ze and I lay baith within her Wame; I keip the richt auld Custom of my Dame And of my Syre,—livand in Povertie, For Lands and Rents nane is our Propertie.

## IX.

My Sifter fair, quod scho, haif me excust,

This Dyet rude and I can neir accord;

With tender Meit my Stomock still is ust,

For quhy, I fair as weil as ony Lord:

Thir withert Nuts and Peis, or they be bord,

Will brek my Chafts, and mak my Teith sull sklender,

Quhilk has bein ust before to Meit mair tender.

## X.

Weil Sifter, weil then, quoth the rural Mous,
Gif that ze pleis fic Things as ze fe heir,
Baith Meit and Drink, and Herbouray and Hous,
Sall be zour awin, will ze remain all Zeir,
Ze fall it haif with blyth and hairtly Cheir,
And that fould mak the Messes that ar rude,
Still amang Freinds richt tender, sweit and gude.

## XI.

Quhat Plesans is in Feists mair dilicate,
The quhilk ar given with a gloumand Brow;
A gentle Heart is better recreate
With Usage blyth, than seith to him a Cow;
Ane Modicum is better, zeill allow,
Sae that Gude-will be Carver at the Dess,
Than a thrawn Vult, and mony a spycie Mess.

## XII.

For all this moral Doctrine, ticht and foun,
The Burges Mous had little Will to fing,
But hevely fcho keft her Vifage doun,
For all the Daintys fcho couth till her bring;
Zit at the last fcho faid, half in hie thing,
Sister this Vittell and zour Royal Feist
May weil suffice for fic a rural Beist.

## XIII.

LET be this Hole, and cum unto my Place,
I fall zou schaw, by gude Experience,
That my Gude-Frydays better than zour Pase,
And a Dish licking worth zour hale Expence;
Houses I haif enow of grit Defence,
Of Cat, nor Fall, nor Trap, I haif nae Dreid:
This said,—that was convinced,—and furth they zeid.
XIV. IN

## XIV.

In Skugry ay throw rankest Gras and Corn,
And Wonder slie full prively they creip;
The eldest was the Gyde, and went beforn,
The zunger to her Futesteps tuke gude keip;
On Nicht they ran, and on the Day did sleip,
Till on a Morning, or the Lavrock sang,
They sand the Toun, and blythly in couth gang.

## XV.

Nor far frae thyne, on till a worthy Wane,

This Burges brocht them fune quhair they fould be,
Without God-speid,—thair Herboury was tane
Intill a Spence, wher Vittell was Plenty,
Baith Cheis and Butter on lang Skelfs richt hie,
With Fish and Flesh enough baith fresh and salt,
And Pokks full of Grots, Barlie, Meil and Malt.

## XVI.

Quhen afterwart they wer disposd to dyne,
Withouten Grace they wush and went to meit,
On every Dish that Cuikmen can divyne,
Muttone and Beif cut out in Telzies grit,
Ane Erles Fair thus can they counterfitt,
Exept ane Thing,—they drank the Watter cleir
Insteid of Wyne, but zit they made gude Cheir.
XVII. WITH

## XVII.

WITH blyth Upcast and merry Countenance,
The elder Sister then speird at her Gest,
Gif that scho thocht be Reson Difference
Betwixt that Chalmer and her sary Nest;
Zea Dame, quoth scho? but how lang will this lest?
For evermair I wate, and langer to;
Gif that be trew, ze ar at Eise, quoth scho.

## XVIII.

To eik the Cheir, in Plenty furth scho brocht
A Plate of Grots, and a large Dish of Meil,
A Threse of Caiks, I trow scho spairt them nocht,
Abundantlie about her did scho deil;
Furmage sull syne scho brocht instead of Geil,
A Candle quhyte out of a Coffer staw,
Insteid of Spyce, to creish thair Teith with a.

## XIX.

Thus made they mirry, quhyle they micht nae mair, And hail Zule! hail! they all cryt up on hie; But after Joy ther aftentymes comes Cair, And Trouble after grit Prosperitie:

Thus as they sat in all thair Solitie,
The Spens came on them with Keis in his Hand, Apent the Dore, and them at Dinner fand.

XX. THEY

## XX.

They tarriet not to wash, ze may suppose,

But aff they ran, quha micht the foremost win;
The Burges had a Hole, and in scho gaes,
Her Sister had nae Place to hyde her in,
To see that silly Mous it was grit Sin,
Sae disalait and will of all gude reid,
For very Feir scho fell in Swoun, neir deid.

#### XXI.

But as Jove wald, it fell a happy Case,
The Spensar had nae Laisar lang to byde,
Nowthir to force, to seik, nor skar, nor chese,
But on he went, and kest the Dore upwyde;
This Burges then his Pasage weil has spyd,
Out of her Hole scho came, and cryt on hie,
How! Sister fair, cry, peip, quhair eir thou be.

## XXII.

THE Landwart Mous lay flatlings on the Ground,
And for the Deid scho was full fair dreidand,
For to her Heart strak mony a waefull Stound,
As in a Fever trymblit scho Fute and Hand;
And when her Sister in sic Plicht her fand,
For very Pitie scho began to greit;
Syne Comfort gaif, with Words as Huny sweit.
XXIII. Quhy

## XXIII.

Quhy ly ze thus? Ryfe up my Sifter deir,
Cum to zour Meit, this Perell is owre-paft;
The uther answert, with a hevy Cheir,
I may nocht eit, sae fair I am agast:
I lever had this fourtie lang Days fast,
With Watter Kail, and gnaw dry Beins and Peis,
Then haif zour Feist with this Dreid and Waneise.

## XXIV.

With Tretie fair, at last, scho gart her ryse,
To Burde they went, and down togither sat;
But skantly had they drunken anes or twyce,
Quhen in came Hunter Gib, the joly Cat,
And bad God-speid.—The Burges up scho gat,
And till her Hole scho sled lyk Fyre frae Flint;
But Badrans be the Back the uther hint.

## XXV.

FRAE Fute to Fute he keft her to and frae,

Quhyls up, quhyls doun, als tait as ony Kid;

Quhyls wald he let her ryn beneth the Strae,

Quhyls wald he wink and play with her Buk-hid:

Thus to the filly Mous grit Harm he did;

Till at the laft, throw fair Fortune and Hap,

Betwixt the Dreffour and the Wall fcho crap.

XXVI. SYNE

## XXVI.

Syne up in haste behind the Pannaling,
Sae hie scho clam, that Gibby might not get her,
And be the Cluks sae craftylie can hing,
Till he was gane, her Cheir was all the better.
Syne down scholap, quhen ther was nane to let her.
Then on the Burges Mous alloud did cry,
Sister fairweil, heir I thy Feist defy.

## XXVII.

WER I anes in the Cot that I cam frae,
For Weil nor Wae I fould neir cum again.
With that scho tuke her Leif, and furth can gae,
Quhyles throw the Riggs of Corn, quhyles owre
the Plain,

Quhen scho was furth and frie, her Heart was fain, And merrylie scho linkit owre the Mure, Nèedless to tell how afterwart scho sure.

## XXVIII.

But this in schort scho reikt her eify Den,
As warm as on suppose it was not grit,
Full beinly stuffit it was baith butt and ben,
With Peis, and Nuts, and Beins, and Ry and
Quheit,

When eir scho lykt scho had eneuch of Meit,

In Eise and Quiet, withouten Sturt and Dreid, But till her Sister's Feist nae mair scho zeid.



## The MORALITIE.

## XXIX.

HEIR ze may find, my Freinds, gif ze tak Heid
Unto this Fable a gude Moralitie,
As Fitches minglit ar with noble Seid,
Sae interwoven is Adversitie
With eardly Joy, so that nae State is free,
Withouten Trouble and aft grit Vexation,
And namelie thay that wrestle up maist hie,
And not contentit ar of small Possession.

## XXX.

BLISSIT be fymple Lyfe, withouten Dreid,
Bliffit be fober Feift in Quietie;
Quha has eneuch of nae mair has he Neid,
Thocht it be litle into Quantitie,
Aboundance grit and blind Prosperitie
Maks aftentymes a very ill Conclusion:
The sweitest Lyfe therefore in this Countrie
Is Sickerness and Peace with small Possession.

XXXI. O

## XXXI.

O wanton Man, quhilk uses ay to seid

Thy Wame, and maks it maiss thy God to be,
Luke to thy self I warn thee weil on Deid;
For the Cat cums, and to the Mous has Ee,
Quhat does avail thy Feist and Ryelty,
With dreidfull Hairt, and endless Tribulation:
Therefore best Thing on Eard, I say for me,
It is a merry Mynd and small Possession.

#### XXXII.

FREIND, thy awin Fyre, thocht it be but ane Gleid,
Will warm thee weil, and is worth Gold to thee;
And Salamon the Sage, fays, (gif ze reid,)
Under the Hevin I can nocht better se,
Than ay be blyth, and leif in Honestie.

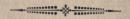
Quhairfore I may conclude me with this Reason,
Of Eardly Blis it beirs the best Degree,
Blythness of Hairt in Peace with small Possession.

Quod Mr. R. HENRYSON.





# ADVICE to his zoung King.



I.

PRECELAND Prince, haiffing Prerogatyve,
Of Royal Richt in this Region to ring,
I thee beseik against thy Lust to stryve,
And luve thy God abois all uther Thing,
And him implore now in thy Zeirs zing
To grant thee Grace thy Subjects to defend,
Quhilk he has given to thee in governing
In Peice and Honour to thy Lyves End.

II.

And fen thou stands in sic a tender Age,
That Nature zit to thee Wisdome denys;
Therefore submit unto thy Council sage,
And in all Manner work as thay devyse:

But

But ower all Things keip thee frae Covetyse,
To princely Honour gif thou wald pretend,
Be liberal ay, then fall thy Fame upryse,
And win thee Honour to thy Lyves End.

## III.

GIF that thou gives dilyver quhen thou hechts,
And nevir let thy Hand thy Hecht delay;
For then thy Hecht and thy Diliverance fechts,
Far bettir war thy Hecht had biden away;
He awis me nocht that schortly says me nay;
But he that hechts, and causes me attend,
Syne gives me not, I may repute him ay,
Ane untrue Dettor to my Lyves End.

# IV.

BETTER is the Gut in Feit, than Cramp in Hands,
The Falt of Feit with Horse thou may support;
But quhen thy Hands are bundin up with Bands,
Nae Surrigiane may cure them, nor Comfort;
But thou them open payntit as a Port,
And freily give sic Gudes as God dois send,
Then may thay mend within a Season schort,
And win the Honour to thy Lyves End.

V. GIVE

## V.

Give every Man aftir his Faculty,

And with Discration still dispone thy Geir:
Give not to Fules, and cunning Men ower slie,
Tho Fules sould roun and flattir in thine Eir,
Give not to them that dois thy Saws sweir,
Give to them that are true and constant kend;
Then ower all quhair thy Fame they sall forth beir,
And win the Honour to thy Lyves last End.

#### VI.

SEN thou art Heid, thy Leiges Members all,
Given by God unto thy Governance,
Luke that thou rule the Rute originall, [vance.
That throw thy Falt no Limb make other GriFor quha cannot himself gyde and advance?
Quhy sould a Provence upon him depend,
To gyde himself that has nae Purveance,
With Peice and Honour to his Lyves last End?

## VII.

Dreid God, do Council, of thy Leiges leil
Reward gude Deid, punish all Wrang and Vyce,
Thoch that thy Saw be sicker as thy Seil,
Fleme Frawd and be Dessender of Justice.

Honour

Honour all Time thy noble Genterice, Obey the Kirk; gif thou dois mifs, amend, Sae fall thou win a Place in Paradyce, And mak on Eard an honourable End.

Quod Hen. STEWART.



ON

# CONSCIENS.



I.

UHEN Doctors preicht to win the Joy eternal,
Into the Heavens, aftir our Lords Ascens
They Justice taught bot Bud or Favour carnal,
And caust be punisht slessly vyl Offens,
Gave Benisice to Clerks of CONSCIENS;
And sae the Feynd had sic Envy thereon.
Away he gart frae Consciens scrape the Con,
And then behind was only left Sciens.

II. THEN

## II.

THEN were all Clerks for Sciens fune promovit,
And them that wald to Study maift apply:
But zit the Feynd at Sciens was comuvit,
And gart frae Sciens ferape away the Sci.
Sae only Ens was left by his flie Envy,
Quhilk ay fould be for Gold and Geir expont,
Quhairby Benifices are now difpont
But Consciens or Sciens to sell and buy.

## III.

O Sovraign LORD, and maist excellent King,
Gar put the Con and Sci again to Ens,
And rule thy Realm with Justice in thy Ring;
Give Benifice to Clerks of Conscients,
With Truth and Honour to stand thy Defens:
Sae in thy Court that Conscients be clene,
For vyle Corruption or thy Days has bene,
Against Justice, with uthir great Offens.

Quod STEWART.





# On the CREATION, and PARADYCE lost.



I.

GOD by His Word His Wark began,
To form this Erth and Hevin for Man,
The Sie and Watter deip;
The Sun, the Mune and Stars fae bricht,
The Day devydit from the Nicht,
Thair Courfes just to keip;
The Beists that on the Grund do muve,
And Fishes in the Sie;
Fowls in the Air to slie abuve,
Of ilk Kind formed He:
Sum creiping, sum sleiting,
Sum fleing in the Air,
Sae heichly, sae lichtly,
In muving heir and thair.

II. THIR

II.

Thir Warks of gret Magnificence,

Perfytit by His Providence,

According to His Will:

Nixt He made Man; To gife him Glore,

Did with His Image him decore,

Gaife Paradyce him till;

Into that Garden hevinly wrocht,

With Pleafures mony a one,

The Beifts of every Kynd wer brocht,

Thair Names he fuld expone;

These kenning and nameing,

As them he list to call,

For eising and pleising

Of Man, subdued them all.

# III.

In heavenly Joy Man fae possest,

To be alane God thocht not best,

Made Eve to be his Maik;

Bad them increass and multiplie,

And of the Fruit frae every Tree

Thair Pleasure they suld take,

Except the Tree of Gude and Ill

That in the Midst dois stand,

Forbad that they suld cum thertill,

Or twitch it with thair Hand;

Lest luking and plucking,

Baith they and all thair Seid,

Seveirly, awsteirly,

Suld die without Remeid.

# IV.

Now Adam and his lufty Wyfe
In Paradyce leidand thair Lyfe,
With Pleafures infineit;
Wanting nae thing fuld do them Eafe,
The Beifts obeying them to pleife,
As they could wish in Spreit:
Behald the Serpent fullenlie
Envyand Mans Estate,
With wicket Craft and Subtiltie
Eve temptit with Defait;
Nocht feiring, but speiring,
Quhy scho tuke not her till,
In using and chusing
The Fruit of Gude and Ill?

V.

Commandit us, scho said, the Lord,
Noways therto we fuld accord,
Undir eternall Pain;
But grantit us full Libertie
To eit the Fruit of every Tree,
Except that Tree in plain.
No, no, nocht sae, the Serpent said,
Thou art desaifet therin;
Eit ze therof, ze fall be made
In Knawledge lyke to Him,
In seiming and deiming
Of every thing aricht,
As dewlie, as trewly,
As ze wer Gods of Micht.

# VI.

EVE thus with these fals Words allurit,
Eit of the Fruit, and syne procurit

Adam the same to play:
Behald, said scho, how precious,
Sae dilicate and delicious,
Besyde Knawledge for ay:

Adam puft up in warldly Glore,
Ambition and high Pryd,
Eit of the Fruit; allace therfore,
And fae they baith did flyd;
Neglecting, forzetting
The eternall Gods Command,
Quha scurged and purged
Them quyt out of that Land.

#### VII.

Quhen they had eiten of that Fruit,
Of Joy then war they deflitute,
And faw thair Bodys bare.
Annon they past with all thair Speid,
Of Leives to mak themselves a Weid,
To cleith them, was thair Care:
During the Tyme of Innocence,
Nae Sin or Schame they knew,
Frae Tyme they gat Experience,
Unto ane Buss they drew,
Abyding and hyding,
As God suld not them see,
Quha spyed, and cryed,
Adam, quhy hyds thou thee?

# VIII.

I being naikit, LORD, throu Feir,
For Schame I durst not to compeir,
And sae I did refuse:
Had thou not eiten of the Tree,
That Knawledge had not bein in thee,
Nor zit nae sic Excuse;
The Helper, LORD, thou gaise to me,
Has cawsit me to transgress,
Sayd scho, the Serpent subtillie,
Persuadit me nae less,
Intreiting, be eiting,
That we suld be persyte,
Me sylit, begylit;
In him lyes all the Wyte.

# IX.

Jehove that evir juged richt,
Bringing His Justice to the Licht,
The Serpent first did juge:
Because the Woman thou begylt,
For evir thou sall be exylt,
Said He, without Refuge;

Betwixt her Seid and thy Offfpring
Nae Peace nor Reft fall be,
And hir Seid fall thy Heid doun thring,
For all thy Subtiltie;
Abhorred, deformed,
Thou on thy Breift fall gang,
In feiding and leiding
Thy Lyfe the Beifts amang.

X.

The Woman nixt, for her Offence,
Did of the Lord resave Sentence,
Her Sorrow suld encrease,
With Wae and Pain her Childrene beir,
Subdewt to Man, under his Feir,
No Libertie posses:
For Adams Falt he cursoft the Erth,
That barrane it suld be,
Without Labour suld zield nae Birth
Of Corns, nor Herb, nor Tree;
Bot working and irking
For evir suld remain,
And being in deing,
In Erth returnd again.

# XI.

O cruel Serpent venemous,
Difpytfull and feditious,
The Grund of all our Care;
Thou fals-bound Slave unto the Devill,
Thou first Inventar of this Evill
Of Bliss, quhilk made us bare;
O devlish Slave, did thou believe,
Or hou had thou sic Grace,
Therby for evir thou micht live
Abuve into that Place:
Thy Grudging gat Scrudging,
And sae God lute the se,
Desavers no Cravers
Of His Reward suld be.

#### XII.

O dainty Dame, with Eirs bent
That harkent to that fals Serpent,
Thy Bains we may fair ban;
Without Excuse thou art to blame,
Thou justly has obtaint that Name,
The very Wo of Man:

With Teirs we may bewail and greit
That wickit Tyme and Tyde,
Quhen Adam was obligit to fleip,
And thou tane off his Syde.
No Sleiping bot Weiping
Thy Seid hes fund fenfyne,
Thy Eiting and Sweiting,
Is turn'd to Wo and Pyn.

#### XIII.

ADAM, thy Part, quha can excuse,
With Knawledge thou that did abuse
Thyne awn Felicitie.
The Serpent his inventing fals,
The Womans sune consenting als,
Was nocht sae wicketly.
God did prefer thee to this Day,
And them subdewt to thee,
Sae all that they culd mein or say,
Suld not have moved thee
To brecking, abjecting
That hie Command of Lyse
Quhilk gydid, provydit
The ay to live bot Stryf.

# XIV.

Behald the State that Man was in,
And als how it he tynt throw Sin,
And loft the fame for ay;
Zet God His Promise dois perform,
Sent His Son of the Virgin born,
Our Ransome deir to pay.
To that great God let us give Glore,
To us has bein sae gude,
Quha be His Grace did us restore,
Quherof we were denude;
Not careing nor sparing
His Body to be rent,
Redeiming, releiving
Us quhen we wer all schent.

Quod Sir RICHd. MAITLAND of Lethingtoun, Knt.





The Devils Advice to all and fundry of his best Freinds.

-----

I.

THIS Nicht in Sleip I was agast,
Methocht the Deil was tempand fast,
People with Aiths of Crueltie,
Sayand as throw the Fair he past,
Renunce zour God, and cum to me.

II.

METHOCHT as he went forth the Way,
A Preist fweirt braid be God verry,
Quhilk at the Alter restavit he:
Thou art my Clerk, the Deil can say,
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

III.

THEN fwore a Courtier of grit Pryd,
Be Chrysts Woundis bludy and wyd,
And be his Harmis was rent on Tree;
Then spak the Deil hard him besyd,
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

IV. A

# IV.

A Merchant as he Geir did fell,
Renuncit his Part of Heaven for Hell:
The Deil cryd, Welcome mot thou be,
Thou fall be Merchand for my fell,
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

#### V.

A Goldsmith faid, This Goldis fae fyne,
That all the Warkmanship I tyne,
The Feynd ressaise me, gif I lie.
Think on, quod Nik, that thou art myne;
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

# VI.

A Tailzior faid, In all this Town,
Be thair a bettir weil made Gown,
I gife me to the Feynd all frie:
Gramercy Tailzeor, faid Mahoun,
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

#### VII.

A Soutar faid, In gude Effeck,
Nor I be hangit be the Neck,
Gif better Butes of Lether be.
Fy, quoth the Deil, thou fawrs of Blek,
Gae clenge the clene, and cum to me.

VIII. A

#### VIII.

A Baxter faid, I quat with God,
And all His Warks baith even and od,
Gif fyner Stuff ther neids to be.
The Devil leuch, and gae him a Nod,
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

#### IX.

The Fleshour fwore be Sacrament,
And be the Blude maist inocent,
Neir fattir Flesh Man saw with Ee.
The Deil said, Hald on thy Intent,
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

# X.

THE Maltman fays, I Blifs forfake,
And may the Deil of Hell me taik,
Give ony better Malt may be,
And of this Kill I haif Inlaik,
Says Sathan, Cum thy Ways to me.

#### XI.

A Browster fwore the Malt was ill,

Baith reid and reikit on the Kill,

It will be nae Ale worth a Flie;

A Boll will not fax Gallons fill:

Mahoun cryis, Cum and mask with me.

XII. THE

# XII.

The Smith he fwore be Rude and Raip,
Intill a Gallows mot I gaip,
Gif I ten Days win Pennies three,
For laik of Ale I Water laip:
Quod Nic, Thoull get far les with me.

# XIII.

A Minsteel said, The Feynd me ryve, Gif I do ocht but drink and yve:

The Deil said, Hardly mot it be,

Exerce that Crast throu all thy Lyse,

And thouill be sure to cum to me.

# XIV.

A Dycer bad, with Words of Stryf,
The Deil cum stick him with a Knyf;
But he kest up fair Syces three:
The Deil said, Endit is thy Lyse,
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

# XV.

A Theif faid, Ill that eir I chaip,
Nor a stark Woddy gar me gaip,
But I in Hell for Geir wald be.
The Deil faid, Welcom in a Raip,
Gae lift a Cow, and cum to me.

XVI. THE

#### XVI.

THE Fish-wyves slet, and swore with Granes,
And to Auld-nick sauld Flesh and Banes,
And gaif them with a Schout on hie.
The Deil cryd, Welcome all attaines,
Sling by zour Creils, and cum to me.

#### XVII.

METHOCHT the Deils as blak as Pik,
Solifand were as Beis thick,
Ay tempand Folk with Ways flie,
Rounand to Robin and to Dick,
Renunce zour Creid, and cum to me.

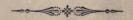
Quod DUNBAR.





# THE Claith-Merchant;

Or, a Ballat made on Jonet Reid, Jean Violet, and Anna Whyt, being flicht Women, and Taverners.



I.

OF Collours cleir,
Quha lykes to weir,
Are mony Sorts into this Toun,
Grene, Zellow, Blew,
And ilka Hew,
Baith Paris Black, and Inglis Broun;
Braw London Sky,
Quha lykes to buy,
Colour de Roy is clene laid down,
And Dunde Gray
This mony a Day
Is lichtlyt baith be Lad and Loun.

II. Bur

II.

But stanch my Fyking,
And stryd my Lyking,
Are seimly Hews for Simmer Play;
Din dipt in Zellow
For ilka gude fallow,
As Will of Quhyt-hauch bad me say;
I will not deny it
To them that will buy it,
For Silver nane sall be said nay;
Ze neid not plenze,
It will not stenzie,
Suppose ye weit it Nicht and Day.

#### III.

And I have Quhyt
Of great Delyt,
And Violet quha lykes to weir,
Weil wearand Reid
Till ze be dead;
It fall not failzie, tak ze no Feir.
The Quhyt is gude,
And richt weil lued,

But zit the *Reid* is twice as deir:
The *Violet* fyne,
Baith fresh and fyne,
Sall ferve ye Hoseing for a Zeir.

IV.

THE Quhyt is teuch,
And fresh enouch,
Saft as the Silk, as all Men seis.
The Reid is bonny,
And socht be mony;
They hyve about the House lyke Beis.
My Violet saft,
Quhen ye have cost,
Will ply lyk Satin to zour Theis;
Sure be my witting
Not burnt in the Litting,
Suppose baith Lads and Limmers leis.

V.

OF thir thrie Hews
I haif left Clews,
To be our Court-Men Winter Weid,

Weill twynt and fmal,
The best of them all
May weir the Claith for Woul and Threid;
But in the Wawk-mill,
The Wedder is ill:
These are not drying Days indeid;
And gif it be wat,
I hecht for that,
It tuggs in Holes and gaes abreid.

# VI.

Zir its weil wawkit,
Cardit and cawkit,
As warm a Weid as weir the Dule,
Weil wrocht in Luims,
With Wobsters Guims,
Baith thick and nymble gaes the Spule;
Cottond and shorn,
The mair it be worn,
Ze will find zour sell the greater Fule,
Zit bony forsuith,
Cum buyit in my Buith,
To mak ze Garments against Zule.

VII. THIR

# VII.

Thir mixt togither,
Zour fell may confider,
Quhat fyner Colour can there be fund,
And namely for Breiks,
Gif ony Man feiks,
Heill purchace the Pair ay for a Pund:
Abeit it be fkant,
Nae Wowars fall want,
That to my bidding will be bund,
Weil may they bruik it,
They neid not luke it,
But grape it Mirklyns be the Grund.

# VIII.

Our Court-Men heir,
Has made my Claith deir,
Raifd it Twall-penies of ilka Ell,
Zit is my Claith fure,
Best Sadles to cure,
Suppose the hale Session should ryd themsel.
The Violet certain,
Was maid at Dumbartain;
The Reid was wawkit at Dunkell:

The

The *Quhyt* has bein dicht
In mony mirk Nicht,
But Tyme and Place I cannot weil tell.

#### IX.

Now gif ye work wyflie,
And shape it precyslie;
The Ellwand \* \* \*
Gif the Bys be wyde,
Gar lay it on Syde;
And sae ze cannot weil gae wrang;
And for the lang List,
It wald be sewd fast,
And care not by how deip ze gang;
But want ze quhyt Threid,
Ye will not cum speid,
Black Waluway maun be zour Sang.

# X.

And Twenty Tymes fald,
Zit will the Freprie ot mak ze fain,

With Oyls to renew it,
And mak it weil hewt,
And gar it glans lyk Silk in Grain;
Syne with the fleik Stains
That fervis for the Nains,
They raise the Pyle quhen it falls plain:
With mony braid Aith,
We fell this same Claith,
To gar the Buyers cum fast again.

#### XI.

Now is my Wob wrocht,
And arlet and bocht,
Cum lay the Payment in my Hand;
And gif my Claith felzie,
Zeis not pay a Melzie,
The Wob fall be at zour Command.
The Market is thrang,
And will not laft lang;
They buy fast in the Border Land;
Abeit I haif Tinsel;
Zit maun I tak Handsell,
To pay my Buith-Mail and my Stand.

#### XII.

My Claith wald be lude,
Be great Men of gude,
Gif Lads and Lowns wald let me be,
Zit maun I excuse them;
How can I refuse them,
Sen all Mens Penny maks him frie?
The best and Gay ot,
My self tuke a Sey ot,
A Wylie-coat I will nocht lie,
Quhilk did me nae Harm,
But held my Cost warm,
A symple Merchant ye may see.

# XIII.

This far to relive me,

That nane may reprive me,

In Jedbrugh at the Justiceair,

This Sang of thrie Lasses

Was made abune Glasses,

That Tyme that they wer Tapsters thair.

The first was a Quhyt,

A Lass of Delyte;

# 184 On K. James V. his Mistresses.

The Violet was baith gude and fair:
Keip Reid frae all Skaith.
Scho is wordie them baith;
Sae to be short I say nae mair.

Quod SEMPLE.



On King James V. his three Mistresses.

SAw not thy Seid on Sandylands,
Spend not thy Strength on Weir,
And ryd not on the Oliphant,
For hurting of thy Geir.





#### THE

# LYON and the MOUS.

I.

IN Midst of June, that jolly Season sweit,

Quhen Phebus fair, with his warm Beams sae

bricht

Had dryit frae Dale and Dawn the dewy Weit,
And all the Land made with his leiming Licht,
In a gay Morn, betwixt Mid-day and Nicht,
I raise and put all Slouth and Sleip on Syde,
And went allone untill a Forrest wyde.

# II.

Sweit was the Smell of Flowirs, blae, quhyt and reid,

The Noyse of Birds was maist melodious,
The bobing Bews bluimd braid abune my Heid,
The Grund growand with Grass maist verderous,
Of all Pleisance that Place was plenteous,
With sweit Odour and Birds saft Hermonie,
The Morning myld increased the Mirth and Glee.

III. THE

# III.

THE Roses reid arrayt the Rone and Ryss,
The Primrose and the Purpure Violae;
To heir it was a Poynt of Paradyce,
Sic Mirth the Mavis and the Merle couth mae;
The Blosoms blyth brak up on Bank and Brae,
The Smell of Herbs, and the Wing-minstrell Cry,
Contending quha sould haif the Victory.

# IV.

ME to conserve frae the Suns birning Heit,

Undir the Schadow of an Awthorn-grene,
I leant me doun amang the Flowirs sweit,

Syn made a Cross, and closed baith myne Een;

On Sleip I fell amang the Bewis bein,

And in my Dream methocht came throw the Schaw

The fairest Man that eir before I saw.

# V.

His Goun was of a Claith as quhyte as Milk,

His Chymers wer of Chamelet Purpure broun,

His Hude of Scarlet, borderit round with Silk

In hekle Ways, untill his Girdle doun;

Of the auld Fassoun was his Bonnat roun,

His Heid was quhyt, his Een was grene and gray,

With lokar Hair, quhilk owre his Shulder lay.

VI. A

#### VI.

A Row of Paper in his Hand he bair,
A Swans quhyt Pen stickand beneth his Eir,
Ane Inkhorn with a pretty gilt Pennair,
A Bag of Silk, all at his Belt he weir;
Thus was he gudely grathit in his Geir,
Of Stature large, and with a feirfull Face,
To quher I lay he came with sturdy Pace.

#### VII.

And fayd, God-speid, my Son, and I was fain
Of that couth Word, and of his Company;
With Reverence I falutet him again,
Welcome Fader, and he sat down by me;
Displeis zou not, my gude Master, tho I
Demand zour Birth, zour Facultie and Name,
Quhat brings ze hier, and quher ze dwell at hame?

# VIII.

My Son, he fayd, I am of gentle Blude,
My natall Land is Rome, withouten nay,
And in that Toun first to the Schulis I zied,
And studyt Sciens ther full mony a Day,
And now my winning is in Heaven for ay;
Esope I hecht my Wryting and my Wark,
Is couth and kend to many a cunnand Clark.

# IX.

O Maister Esope, Poet and Laureat,
God wate ze are full deir welcome to me;
Are ze not he that all thir Fables wrat,
Quhilk in Effect, altho they fenziet be,
Are full of Prudence and Moralitie?
Fair Son, he sayd, I am the samyne Man;
My flichterand Heart I wate grew mirry than.

# X.

ESOPE, faid I, my Maister venerable,
I heartilie zou beseik, for Cheritie,
Ze wald dedene to tell a pritty Fable,
Concludand with a gude Moralitie;
Schekand his Heid, he sayd, My Son let be,
For quhat ist worth to tell a fenziet Tale,
Quhen hale preiching may naithing now avail?

#### XI.

Now in this Warld methinks richt few or nane
To haly Scripture has the leift Regaird;
The Eir is deif, the Hairt is hard as Stane,
They nevir mynd Punition or Rewaird,
Thair Lukes inclynand allways to the Eard;
Sae rouftet is the Warld with Canker black,
That all my Tales may little Succour mak.

XII. ZIT

#### XII.

Zir gentle Sr, fayd I, for my Requieft,
Not to displeis zour Fatherheid I pray,
Undir the Figure of sum brutal Beist,
A moral Fable ze wald grant to say;
Quha kens nor I may leir and beir away
Sumthing therby, hereastir may avail:
I grant, quoth he, and thus began his Tale.

#### XIII.

A Lyon at his Prey weiry forrun,

To recreate his Limbs and tak his Rest,
Beikand his Breist and Bellie at the Sun,
Undir a Tree lay in the fair Forest;
Then came a Trip of Myce out of thair Nest,
Richt tait and trig, all dansand in a Gyss,
And owre the Lyon lansit twys or thrys.

# XIV.

HE lay fae still, the Myce was not affeird,

But to and frae atowre him tuke thair Trace;

Sum tirlt at the Whiskers of his Beird,

Sum did not spare to claw him on the Face:

Merry and glade thus dansit they a Space,

Till at the last the nobil Lyon wouk,

And with his Paw the Maister Mous he tuke.

XV. HE

# XV.

HE gaif a Cry, and all the laif agast,

Their Dansing left, and hid them heir and thair;
He that was tane cryit out and weipit fast,

And sayd, Allace for now and evermair!

Now am I tane a wofull Prisoner,

And for my Gilt believes incontinent

Jugement to thole, and unto Death be sent.

# XVI.

THEN spak the Lyon to that carefull Mous,
Thou catyve Wretch, and vyle unwordy Thing,
Owre malapert and owre presumpteous,
Thou was to mak atowre me thy Tripping;
Know thou not weil I was baith Lord and King
Of all the Beists?—This (quod the Mous) I knaw,
But I misknew, because ze lay sae law.

# XVII.

LORD, I befiek thy Princely Ryaltie,
Heir quhat I fay, and tak in Patience;
Confidder first my simple Povertie,
And syne thy mighty high Magnificence;
Se als how Things that is done by negligence,
Not frae malicious Thocht, or ill desynd,
Sould gain Remission frae a Kingly Mynd.
XVIII. WITH

#### XVIII.

With gret Aboundance we wer all repliet
Of alkynd Fude, fic as to us affeird,
And us to dans, provokit the Season sweit,
And mak fic Mirth as Nature to us laird;
Ze lay sae still and law upon the Eard,
That be my Saul we weind ze had bein deid,
Ells wald we not haif dansit owre zour Heid.

#### XIX.

Thy false Excuse, the Lyon sayd again,
Sall not avail a Myt, I undertae;
I put the Case, had I bene deid or slain,
And syne my Skin bene stapit full of Strae,
Thocht thou had found my Figure lyand sae,
Because it bare the Prent of my Persoun,
Thou sould for Dreid on Kneis haif salen doun.

# XX.

Now for thy Cryme thou can mak nae Defence,
My Ryal Person thus to vylipend,
Nowther by Fors nor thyne oun Negligence,
For till Excuse thou can nae Cause prettend;
Therfore thou suffer sall a schamefull End,
And Deid, sic as to Tresson is decreit,
To be hung on a Gallows be the Fiet.

XXI. O

#### XXI.

O Mercy, Lord! at thy Gentrice I as,
As thou art King of all Beists corronat,
Sobir thy Wrath, and let thyn Yre owrepass,
And mak thy Mynd to Mercy inclynat;
I grant Offens is done to thy Estate,
Therfore I wirdy am to suffir Deid,
But gif thy Kingly Mercy reik Remeid.

#### XXII.

In evry Juge Mercy and Rewth fuld be,
As Affesfors and collaterall;
Without Mercy, Justice is Crewelltie,
As faid is in the Law spirituall:
When Rigour sits upon the hygh Tribunall,
The Equitie of Law quha may sustain?
Richt sew or nane bot Mercy gae betwein.

#### XXIII.

Besyds ze knaw the Honour Triumphs zeild,
To every Victor, on the Strength depends
Of his Compeir, quhilk manly in the Feild,
Throw Jepordy of Arms he lang deffends;
Quhat Pryce or Lowding, quhen the Battle ends,
Is fayd of him that overcomes a Man;
Him to deffend that nowther dow nor can.

XXIV. A

#### XXIV.

A Thousand Myce to murder and devore,
Is litle Manheid in a Lyon strang;
Full litle Worship can ze win thairsore,
To quhose vast Strenth is nae Compareson:
It will degrad sum Part of zour Renown
To slay a Mous that can mak nae Dessence,
But askand Mercy at zour Excellence.

#### XXV.

Also it not becomes zour Celfitude,

That uses daylie Meit delicious,

To fyle zour Lipps or Grinders with my Blude,

Quhilk to zour Stomak is contagious;

Unhalesom Melteth is a fairy Mous,

And namely to a nobil Lyon strang,

Wont to be fed with gentil Venison.

# XXVI.

My Lyfe is litle, and my Deid far less;

Zit, gif I live, I may peraventure

Supplie zour Highnes being in Distress:

For aft is sene a Man of small Stature

Reskewed has a Lord of hygh Honnour,

Kept that has bene in Poynt to be owre-thrawn,

Throu Fortunes Falt; sic Case me be zour awn.

XXVII. QUHEN

#### XXVII.

Quhen this was fayd, the generous Lyon paufit,
And thocht this arguing did not Reason want;
His Yre asswageit, and his kynd Mercy causit
Him to the Mous a full Remission grant,
Opent his Paw; He on his Kneis doun bent,
And baith his Hands unto the Heaven upheild,
Cryand, Almichty Jove give zou lang Eild.

# XXVIII.

Quhen he was gane, the Lyon zeid to hunt,

For he had nocht, but livd upon his Prey,

And flew baith tame and wyld, as he was wont,

And in the Countrie made a grit Deray;

Till at the laft the People fand the Way

This crewell Lyon with a Girn to tak,

Of hempin Cords richt strang Netts coud they mak.

# XXIX.

And in a Road quhair he was wont to rin,
With Raips rude frae Trie to Trie it band,
Syne cufte a Raing on Raw the Wod within,
With Blafts of Horns and Cauits fast calland;
The Lyon fled, and throu the Rone rinnand
Fell in the Net, and hankit Fute and Heid,
For all his Strenth he coud mak nae Remeid.

XXX. ROLAND

#### XXX.

Roland about with hydious Rowmissing,

Quhyles to quhyles frae, gif he micht Succor get;

But all in vain, that velziet him naething,

The mair he slang, the faster he was knit:

The Raips rude about him sae was plet

On every Syde, that Succor saw he nane,

But still lyand, thus murnand maid his Mane.

#### XXXI.

O fair lameit Lyon, liggand heir fae law,
Quhair is the Micht of thy Magnificence,
Of quhom all brutal Beift in Eard ftand Aw,
And dreid to luke on thy gret Excellence;
Bot Hope or Help, bot Succor or Defence,
In ftrang Hemp-bands heir maun I ly, allace!
Till I be flain, I fe nae uther Grace.

#### XXXII.

THER is nae Joy that will my Harms wraik,
Nor Creature to do Comfort to my Crown,
Quha fall me bute? Quha fall thir Bands brek?
Quha fall me put frae Pain of this Prifon?
Be that he had his Lamentation done,
Perchance the litle pardond Mous came neir,
And of the Lyon hard the pityous Beir.

XXXIII. AND

#### XXXIII.

And fuddainly it came intill his Mynd
That it fuld be the Lyon did him Grace,
And fayd, Now wer I fals and richt unkynd,
Bot gif I quit fum Part thy Gentilness
Thou did to me, —— and on with that he gaes
To all his Maiks, and on them fast did cry,
Cum help, cum help; and they came all on hy.

# XXXIV.

Lo, quoth the Mous, this is our Ryal Lord,
Quha gaif me Grace quhen I was by him tane,
And now is fast heir fanklet in a Cord,
Wrekand his Hurt with Murning fair and Mane,
Bot we him help, of Suplie kens he nane;
Cum help to quyt ane gude Turn with annither,
Sae beit, cryd all; syn fell to Wark togither.

# XXXV.

They tuke nae Knyf, thair Teith wer sherp enewgh;
To se that Sicht forsuith it was grit Wonder,
How that they ran amang the Halters tewgh,
Before, behind, sum zeid abune, sum under,
And schure the Raips with the maist eis in Sunder,
Syne bad him ryse, —— and he start up annone,
And thankit them; syn to the Bent is gane.

XXXVI. Now

#### XXXVI.

Now dois the Lyon frie of Danger fkour,
Lowfe, and delivert till his Libertie,
By litle Animals of smallest Power,
As ze haif hard, because he had Pitie:
Quoth I, Maister, is ther Moralitie
Into this Fable? —— Son, sayd he, richt gude;
I pray zou giest, quoth I, or ze conclude.

# The MORALITIE.

WE may suppose this Lyon of Renoun
May signifie ane Emperour or King,
Or ony Potestate that weirs a Croun,
That sould be wakryse in his governing,
But of his Peple taks slicht noticeing,
To rule and steir the Land, and Justice keip,
But lazy lyes in lustie Slouth and Sleip.

#### XXXVIII.

The Forest fair with Blossoms lown and lie,

The singand Birds and Flowirs sae ferly sweit,

Ar but this Warld, and his Prosperitie,

As Pleisands sals mingillit with Care repleit,

Richt, as the Rose with Frost and Winter weit,

Wallous; sae dois the Warld and them desaif

That Considence in lusty Pleasures haif.

XXXIX. This

#### XXXIX.

THIR litle Myce ar Comonalitie,
Wanton, unwyse, without Corection due;
Sic Lords and Princes, quhen they chanss to se
That execute, the richteous Laws on few,
They dreid naithing, but with rebellious Brow
Dar disobey; for quhy? they stand nae Aw,
That maks them aft thair Soverains to misknaw.

#### XL.

And be this Fable, Lords of prudent Sence
Confidder may the Virtue of Pitie,
And fuld remit fumtyme a grit Offence,
And Mercy metigate with Crueltie;
Aftymes is fene a Man of fmall Degree
Has quit a Common baith for Gude and Ill,
As Lords has Rigour done, or Grace him till.

# XLI.

Quha wates how fune a Lord of grit Renoun,
Rowand in warldly Lust and vain Pleisance,
May be owrthrawin, distroyed, or put doun
Throu Fortune fals, that of all Variance
Is hale Mistres, and Leader of the Dance
To lusty Men, and binds them up sae foir,
That they nae Perell can provyd befor.

XLII. THIR

#### XLII.

THIR crewell Men that stentit has the Net
In quhilk the Lyon suddenlie was tane,
Waited allway that they a Mends micht get;
For Hurt, Men wryts with Steil in Marble-stane,
Mair till expone, as now, I let alane:
But King and Lord may weil wate what I mein,
The Figure hereof aftymes has bein sene.

#### XLIII.

Quhen this was fayd, quoth Efop, My fair Chyld,
Perfuade the Kirkmen eydentlie to pray,
That Treason off this Countrie be exyld,
That Justice ring, and Nobles keip their Fay
Unto thair Soverain Lord baith Nicht and Day:
And with that Word he vaneist, and I woke,
Syne throu the Schaw my Jurney hamewart tuke.

Quod Mr. Ro. HENRYSON.





# THE

# TOD and the LAMB,

OR,

Follows the Wowing of the King when he was at Dumfermeling.



I.

This hinder Nicht in Dumfermeling,
To me was tald a wonder Thing,
That late a Tod was with a Lamb,
And with hir playd, and made gude Game;
Syne to his Breist did hir imbrace,
And wald haif ridden hir lyk a Ram,
And that methocht a ferly Case.

II.

HE braift hir bonny Bodie fweit,
And halft hir with his forder Feit,
Syne schuke his Tail with Whindge and Zelp;
And todlit with hir lyke a Quhelp,
Then lourit on growf, and asked Grace;
And ay the Lamb cryd, Lady help,
And that methocht a ferly Case.

III. THE

#### III.

THE Tod was nowthir lein nor fcowry,
He was a lufty reid-haird Lowry,
Ane lang taild Beift and grit withall;
The filly Lamb was all to fmall,
With fic a Trible to hald a Bafe:
Scho fled him not, fair mot her fall,
And that methocht a ferly Cafe.

#### IV.

THE Tod was reid, the Lamb was quhyte,
Scho was a Morfell of Delyte;
He luvit nae Ews auld teuch and Sklender,
Because this Lamb was zung and tender.
He ran upon her with a Race,
And scho schup nevir to desend hir,
And this methocht a ferly Case.

#### V.

He gripit her about the Waist,
And handilt her as gif in Haste;
This Inocent that neir trespast,
Tuke Heart that scho was handilt fast,
And lute him kiss her lusty Face:
His girnand Gams hir nocht agast,
And that methocht a ferly Case.

VI. HE

#### VI.

HE held hir till him be the Hals,
And spake full fair thocht he was fals;
Syne said and swore to hir in Mode,
That he suld not twitch hir Prein-cod.
The filly Thing trow'd him, allace!
The Lamb gaif Creddance to the Tod,
And that methocht a ferly Case.

#### VII.

I will nae Leifings put in Verfe,
Lyke as fum Janglers do reherfe;
But be quhat Manner they wer mard,
Quhen Licht was out and Dores were bard:
I wate not gif he gaif hir Grace;
But Winnocks all were ftappit hard,
And that methocht a ferly Cafe.

#### VIII.

QUHEN Folk do fleit in Joy maist far,
Thair fune cums Wae or they be War,
Quhen carpand wer thir twa maist crouse,
The Wolf he umbeset the House,
Upon the Tod to make a Chace:
The Lamb scho cheipit lyke a Mouse,
And that methocht a ferly Case.

IX. THROW

#### IX.

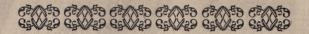
Throw hydious Howling of the Wowf,
This wylie Tod plait doun on Growf;
And in the filly wie Lambs Skin,
He crap as far as he micht win,
And hid him thair a gay lang Space;
The Ews befyde they made nae Din,
And that methocht a ferly Cafe.

#### X.

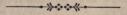
QUHEN of the Tod was heerd nae Peip,
The Wowf wont all had bene asleip;
And quhyle the Tod had striken Ten,
The Wowf he drest him to his Den,
Protestand for the second Place:
And this Report I with my Pen,
How at Dumfermling fell the Case.

Quod DUNBAR.





# On anes being his own Enemy.



I.

HE that has Gold and Riches great,
And may live at a merry Rate;
And Gladness dois frae him expell,
And lives into a wretched State;
He worketh Sorrow to himsell.

#### II.

He that may be bot Sturt and Stryf,
And live a lufty lightfome Lyfe,
And fyne with Marriage dois him mell,
And buckles with a wicked Wyfe,
He worketh Sorrow to himfell.

#### III.

HE that has for his awin Genzie
A plefand Prop bot Mank or Menzie,
And flutes fyne at an uncow Schell,
And is forfairn with Fleis of Spenzie,
He worketh Sorrow to himfell.

IV. AND

# On anes being his own Enemy. 205

#### IV.

And he that with gude Life and Treuth,
Bot Variance or other Slewth,
Dois evir with a Master dwell,
That nevir of him will have Rewth,
He worketh Sorrow to himsell.

#### V.

Now all this Time let us be merry,
And fet not by this Warld a Cherry,
Now quhyle thair is gude Wyne to fell;
The Cheil that dois on dry Breid wirry,
I give them to the Devil of Hell.

Quod Dunbar.





The Benifite of them who have Ladies wha can be gude Soliciters at Court.



T.

THIR Ladys fair, that mak Repair,
And at the Court are kend,
In three Days thair, they will do mair,
Ane Matter for till end,
Than ther Gude-men will do in Ten,
For any Craft they can,
Sae weil they ken, what Time and quhen,
Thair Manes they fuld mak than.

II.

WITH little Noy they can convoy
A Matter finally,
Richt myld and Moy, and keip it coy,
On Evens fae quietly;
They do no mis, but gif they kis,
And keip Colation,
Quhat Reck of this, thair Matter is
Brocht to Conclusion.

III. THEN

#### III.

Then wit ye weil, they haif grit Feil,
And Matter to folift,
Treft as the Steil, fyne neir a Deil,
Quhen they come hame are mift.
Thir Lairds they are, methink richt far,
Sic Wyves behalden to,
That fae weil dar gae to the Bar,
Quhen there is ocht to do.

#### IV.

THEREFORE I reid, gif ze haif Pleid,
Or Matter in the Play,
To mak Remeid, fend in zour Steid
Zour Ladys graitht up gay;
They can deffend, even to the End,
And Matters forth express;
Suppose they spend, it is unkend;
Thair Geir is nocht the less.

#### V.

In quiet Place, gin they have Space,
Within less than twa Hours,
They can percase, purchase sum Grace,
At the Compositours;

Thair

Thair Composition with full Remission,
Thair finally is endit,
With Expedition, and full Condition,
Thair Seals then are to pendit.

#### VI.

All hale almost they make the Cost,
With sober Recompence,
Richt little lost, they get indorst,
All hale thair Evidence,
Sic Ladys wyse, they are to pryze,
To say the Verity,
Sae can devyse, and not surpryze
Thame nor thair Honesty.

Quod DUNBAR.





Annother of the samen Cast, Pend be the Poet wrote the last.



I.

THE Use of Court richt weil I knaw,
Ladyis Soliceters of the Law;
At hame remain the filly Lairds,
And send thair Wyves behind the Yards,
Well stuft with Money and Rewards,
To furder thair Errands frae Nicht saw.

II.

In Clouks they cum full braw quhyte cled, And rouns to have thair Matter fped;

> They give nae Budds, But on thair Fudds They get grit Skuds, In nakit Bed.

> > III. Bur

#### III.

But neirtheless the Laird maun fyn,
For all hir Miens, a Tun of Wyne:
His Wyfe cums hame thus fynely usd,
But zit he maun hald hir excusd;
And finaly the Folks that doist
Denys and laughs at them baith fyne.

#### IV.

THE Laird murns quhen he may not mend it,

His Lady jaipt his Siller spend it,

And all his Labour turnd in vain;

But ay the Lady says full plain,

That scho maun to the Court again,

Or els the Plea will not be endit.

## V.

HIR Buckler bord, and backward born,
And all hir Cause is quite forlorn;
Up gets hir Wame,
Scho thinks nae Schame
Syne to bring hame
The Laird a Horn.



#### THE

# VISION.

Compylit in Latin be a most lernit Clerk\* in Tyme of our Hairship and Oppression, anno 1300, and translatit in 1524.



I.

BEDOUN the Bents of Banquo Brae
Milane I wandert waif and wae,
Musand our main Mischaunce;
How be thay Faes we ar undone,
That staw the facred† Stane frae Scone,
And leids us sic a Daunce:

Quhyle

<sup>\*</sup> The History of the Scots Sufferings, by the unworthy Condescension of Baliol to Edward I. of England, till they recovered their Independence by the Conduct and Valour of the Great BRUCE, is so universally known, that any Argument to this antique Poem seems useless.

<sup>†</sup> The old Chair (now in Westminster Abbey) in which the Scots Kings were always crown'd, wherein there is a Piece of Marble with this Inscription;

Ni fallat fatum, Scoti, quocunque locatum Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.

Quhyle Inglands Edert taks our Tours,
And Scotland ferst obeys,
Rude Ruffians ransakk Ryal Bours,
And Baliol Homage pays;
Throch Feidom our Freidom
Is blotit with this Skore,
Quhat Romans or no Mans
Pith culd eir do befoir.

#### II.

The Air grew ruch with boufteous Thuds,
Bauld Boreas branglit outthrow the Cluds,
Maift lyke a drunken Wicht;
The Thunder crakt, and Flauchts did rift
Frae the blak Viffart of the Lift:
The Forrest schuke with Fricht;
Nae Birds abune thair Wing extenn,
They ducht not byde the Blast,
Ilk Beist bedeen bangd to thair Den,
Untill the Storm was past:
Ilk Creature in Nature
That had a Spunk of Sence,
In Neid then, with Speid then,
Methocht cryt, In Desence.

#### III.

To fe a Morn in May fae ill,

I deimt Dame Nature was gane will,

To rair with rackles Reil;

Quhairfor to put me out of Pain,

And fkonce my Skap and Shanks frae Rain,

I bure me to a Beil,

Up ane hich Craig that lundgit alaft,

Out owre a canny Cave,

A curious Cruif of Natures Craft,

Quhilk to me Schelter gaif;

Ther vexit, perplexit,

I leint me doun to weip,

In brief ther, with Grief ther

I dottard owre on Sleip.

# IV.

HeIR Somnus in his filent Hand
Held all my Sences at Command,
Quhyle I forzet my Cair;
The myldest Meid of mortall Wichts
Quha pass in Peace the private Nichts,
That wauking finds it rare;

Sae in faft Slumbers did I ly,

But not my wakryfe Mynd,

Quhilk still stude Watch, and couth espy

A Man with Aspeck kynd,

Richt auld lyke and bauld lyke,

With Baird thre Quarters skant,

Sae braif lyke and graif lyke,

He seemt to be a Sanct.

V.

Grit Darring dartit frae his Ee,
A Braid-fword schogled at his Thie,
On his left Arm a Targe;
A shynand Speir filld his richt Hand,
Of stalwart Mak, in Bane and Brawnd,
Of just Proportions, large;
A various Rain-bow colourt Plaid
Owre his left Spaul he threw,
Doun his braid Back, frae his quhyt Heid,
The Silver Wymplers grew;
Amaisit, I gaisit
To se, led at Command,
A strampant and rampant
Ferss Lyon in his Hand.

#### VI.

Quhilk held a Thiffle in his Paw,
And round his Collar graift I faw
This Poefie pat and plain,
Nemo me impune lacefs-Et:—— In Scots, Nane fall opprefs
Me, unpunift with Pain;
Still schaking, I durst naithing say,
Till he with kynd Accent
Sayd, Fere let nocht thy Hairt affray,
I cum to hier thy Plaint;
Thy graining and maining
Haith laitlie reikd myne Eir,
Debar then affar then
All Eiryness or Feir.

#### VII.

For I am ane of a hie Station,

The Warden of this auntient Nation,

And can nocht do the Wrang;

I viffyt him then round about,

Syne with a Resolution stout,

Speird, Quhair he had bene sae lang?

Quod

Quod he, Althocht I fum forfuke,

Becaus they did me flicht,
To Hills and Glens I me betuke,

To them that luves my Richt;

Quhafe Mynds zet inclynds zet

To damm the rappid Spate,

Devyfing and pryfing

Freidom at ony Rate.

#### VIII.

Our Trechour Peirs thair Tyranns treit,
Quha jyb them, and thair Substance eit,
And on thair Honour stramp;
They, pure degenerate! bend thair Baks,
The Victor, Langshanks, proudly cracks
He has blawn out our Lamp:
Quhyle trew Men, sair complainand, tell,
With Sobs, thair silent Greif,
How Baliol thair Richts did sell,
With small Howp of Releise;
Regretand and fretand
Ay at his cursit Plot,
Quha rammed and crammed
That Bargin doun thair Throt.

#### IX.

Braif Gentrie fweir, and Burgers ban,
Revenge is muttert be ilk Clan
Thats to thair Nation trew;
The Cloyfters cum to cun the Evil,
Mailpayers wifs it to the Devil,
With its contryving Crew:
The Hardy wald with hairty Wills,
Upon dyre Vengance fall;
The feckless fret owre Heuchs and Hills,
And Eccho Answers all,
Repetand and greitand,
With mony a fair Alace,
For Blafting and Caffing
Our Honour in Difgrace.

# X.

Waes me! quod I, our Cafe is bad,
And mony of us are gane mad,
Sen this difgraceful Paction.
We are felld and herryt now by Forfe;
And hardly Help fort, thats zit warfe,
We are fae forfairn with Faction.

Then has not he gude Cause to grumble,

Thats forst to be a Slaif;

Oppression dois the Judgment Jumble

And gars a wyse Man raif.

May Cheins then, and Pains then
Infernal be thair Hyre

Quha dang us, and slang us
Into this ugsum Myre.

#### XI.

Then he with bauld forbidding Luke,
And staitly Air did me rebuke,
For being of Sprite sae mein:
Said he its far beneath a SCOT
To use weak Curses quhen his Lot
May sumtyms sour his Splein,
He rather sould mair lyke a Man,
Some braif Design attempt;
Gif its nocht in his Pith, what than,
Rest but a Quhyle content,
Nocht seirful, but cheirful,
And wait the Will of Fate,
Which mynds to desygns to
Renew zour auntient State.

#### XII.

I ken fum mair than ze do all
Of quhat fall afterwart befall,
In mair auspicious Tymes;
For aften far abuse the Mune,
We watching Beings do convene,
Frae round Eards outmost Climes,
Quhair evry Warden represents
Cleirly his Nations Case,
Gif Famyne, Pest, or Sword Torments,
Or Vilains hie in Place,
Quha keip ay, and heip ay
Up to themselves grit Store,
But rundging and spunging
The leil laborious Pure.

## XIII.

SAY then, faid I, at zour hie Sate,
Lernt ze ocht of auld Scotlands Fate,
Gif eir schoil be her sell;
With Smyle Celest, quod he, I can,
But its nocht sit an mortal Man
Sould ken all I can tell:

But Part to the I may unfold,
And thou may faifly ken,
Quhen Scottish Peirs slicht Saxon Gold,
And turn trew heartit Men;
Quhen Knaivry and Slaivrie,
Ar equally dispysed,
And Loyalte and Royalte,
Universalie are prysed.

#### XIV.

Quhen all zour Trade is at a Stand,
And Cunzie clene forfaiks the Land,
Quhilk will be very fune,
Will Preists without their Stypands preich,
For nocht will Lawyers Causes Streich;
Faith thatis nae easy done.
All this and mair maun cum to pass,
To cleir zour glamourit Sicht;
And Scotland maun be made an Ass,
To set her Jugment richt.
Theyil jade hir and blad hir,
Untill scho brak hir Tether,
Thocht auld schois zit bauld schois,
And teuch lyke barkit Lether.

#### XV.

Bur mony a Corfs fall braithless ly,
And Wae fall mony a Widow cry,
Or all rin richt again;
Owre Cheviot prancing proudly North,
The Faes fall tak the Feild neir Forthe,
And think the Day thair ain:
But Burns that Day fall rin with Blude
Of them that now oppress;
Thair Carcasses be Corbys Fude,
By thousands on the Gress.
A King then fall ring them,
Of wyse Renoun and braif,
Quhase Pusians and Sapiens,
Sall Richt restoir and faif.

## XVI.

The View of Freidomis fweit, quod I,
O fay, grit Tennant of the Skye,
How neiris that happie Tyme.
We ken Things but be Circumstans,
Nae mair, quod he, I may advance,
Leist I commit a Cryme.

Quhat eir ze pleis, gae on, quod I,

I fall not fash ze moir,

Say how, and quhair ze met, and quhy,

As ze did hint befoir.

With Air then fae fair then, That glanst like Rayis of Glory, Sae Godlyk and oddlyk, He thus refumit his Storie.

#### XVII.

Frae the Suns Ryfing to his Sett,
All the pryme Rait of Wardens met,
In folemn bricht Array,
With Vehicles of Aither cleir,
Sic we put on quhen we appeir
To Sauls rowit up in Clay;
Thair in a wyde and splendit Hall,
Reird up with shynand Beims,
Quhais Rufe-treis wer of Rainbows all,
And paift with starrie Gleims,
Quhilk prinked and twinkled
Brichtly beyont Compair,
Much famed and named
A Castill in the Air.

#### XVIII.

In midft of quhilk a Tabill stude,
A spacious Oval reid as Blude,
Made of a Fyre-Flaucht,
Arround the dazeling Walls were drawn,
With Rays be a celestial Hand,
Full mony a curious Draucht.
Inferiour Beings slew in Haist,
Without Gyd or Derectour,
Millions of Myles throch the wyld Waste,
To bring in Bowlis of Nectar:
Then roundly and soundly
We drank lyk Roman Gods;
Quhen Jove sae dois rove sae,
That Mars and Bacchus nods.

#### XIX.

Quhen Phebus Heid turns licht as Cork,
And Neptune leans upon his Fork,
And limpand Vulcan blethers:
Quhen Pluto glowrs as he were wyld,
And Cupid luves we wingit Chyld,
Fals down and fyls his Fethers.

Quhen Pan forzets to tune his Reid,
And slings it cairless bye,
And Hermes wingd at Heils and Heid,
Can nowther stand nor lye:
Quhen staggirand and swagirrand,
They stoyter Hame to sleip,
Quhyle Centeries at Enteries
Imortal Watches keip.

## XX.

Thus we tuke in the high browin Liquour,
And bangd about the Nectar Biquour;
But evir with his Ods:
We neir in Drink our Judgments drensch,
Nor scour about to seik a Wensch
Lyk these auld baudy Gods,
But franklie at ilk uther ask,
Quhats proper we suld know,
How ilk ane hes performt the Task,
Affignd to him below.
Our Minds then sae kind then,
Are fixt upon our Care,
Ay noting and ploting
Quhat tends to thair Weilfair.

#### XXI.

Gothus and Vandall baith lukt bluff,

Quhyle Gallus fneerd and tuke a Snuff,

Quhilk made Allmane to stare;

Latinus bad him naithing feir,

But lend his Hand to haly Weir,

And of cowd Crouns tak Care;

Batavius with his Paddock-Face

Luking asquint, cryd, Pisch,

Zour Monks ar void of Sence or Grace,

I had leur ficht for Fisch;

Zour Schule-men ar Fule-men,

Carvit out for dull Debates,

Decoying and destroying

Baith Monarchies and States.

#### XXII.

Iberius with a gurlie Nod
Cryd, Hogan, zes we ken zour God,
Its Herrings ze adore;
Heptarchus, as he usd to be,
Can nocht with his ain Thochts agre,
But varies bak and fore;

Ane quhyle he fays, It is not richt
A Monarch to refift,
Neist Braith all Ryall Powir will slicht,
And passive Homage jest;
He hitches and sitches
Betwein the Hic and Hoc,
Ay jieand and slieand
Round lyk a Wedder-cock.

#### XXIII.

Abune them all, for Sword and Sens,

Thocht I haif layn richt now lown,

Quhylk was, becaus I bure a Grudge

At fum fule Scotis, quha lykd to drudge

To Princes no thair awin;

Sum Thanis thair Tennants pykit and fqueift,

And purfit up all thair Rent,

Syne wallopit to far Courts, and bleift,

Till Riggs and Schaws war fpent;

Syne byndging and whyndging,

Quhen thus redufit to Howps,

They dander and wander

About pure Lickmadowps.

#### XXIV.

Bur now its Tyme for me to draw
My shynand Sword against Club-Law,
And gar my Lyon roir;
He sall or lang gie sic a Sound,
The Ecchoe sall be hard arround
Europe, frae Schore to Schore;
Then lat them gadder all thair Strenth,
And stryve to wirk my Fall,
Tho numerous, zit at the lenth
I will owrecum them all,
And raise zit and blase zit
My Braisrie and Renown,
By gracing and placing
Arright the Scottis Crown.

#### XXV.

Quhen my braif Bruce the fame fall weir
Upon his Ryal Heid, full cleir
The Diadem will shyne;
Then fall zour fair Oppression ceis,
His Intrest zours he will not sleice,
Or leif zou eir inclyne:

Thocht

Thocht Millions to his Purse be lent,

Zell neir the puirer be,

But rather richer, quhyle its spent

Within the Scottish Se:

The Feild then sall zeild then

To honest Husbands Welth,

Gude Laws then sall cause then

A sickly State haif Helth.

#### XXVI.

Quhyle thus he talkit, methocht ther came
A wondir fair Etherial Dame,
And to our Warden fayd,
Grit Callidon I cum in Serch
Of zou, frae the hych starry Arch,
The Counfill wants zour Ayd;
Frae every Quarter of the Sky,
As swift as Quhirl-wynd,
With Spirits speid the Chistains hy,
Sum grit Thing is desygnd
Owre Muntains be Funtains,
And round ilk fairy Ring,
I haif chaist ze, O haist ze,
They talk about zour King.

#### XXVII.

With that my Hand methocht he schuke,
And wischt I Happyness micht bruke,
To eild be Nicht and Day;
Syne quicker than an Arrows Flicht,
He mountit upwarts frae my Sicht,
Straicht to the milkie Way;
My Mynd him followit throw the Skyes,
Untill the brynie Streme
For Joy ran trinckling frae myne Eyes,
And wakit me frae Dreme;
Then peiping, half sleiping,
Frae furth my rural Beild,
It eist me and pleisit me
To se and smell the Feild.

# XXVIII.

For Flora in hir clene Array,

New washen with a Showir of May,

Lukit full sweit and fair;

Quhyle hir cleir Husband frae aboif
Sched doun his Rayis of genial Luve,

Hir Sweits perfumt the Air;

The Winds war husht, the Welkin cleird,
The glumand Clouds war fled,
And all as faft and gay appeird
As ane Elysion Sched;
Quhilk heisit and bleisit
My Heart with sic a Fyre,
As raises these Praises
That do to Heaven aspyre.

Quod AR. Scot.





Jok Up-a-lands Complaint against the Court in the Kings Nonaige.

I.

Ow is the King in tendir Aige,
O CHRYST! conferve him in his Eild,
To do Justice to Man and Page,
That gars our Land ly lang unteild,
Thocht we do double pay thair Wage;
Pure Commons presentlie ar peild.
They ryde about in fic a Rege,
Be Firth and Forrest, Muir and Feild,
With Bow Buckler and Brand.
Lo quhair they ryde intill the Ry,
The Deil mot sane the Company,
I pray it frae my Heart trewly:
This said Jok Up-a-land.

II. HE

#### II.

He that was wont to beir the Barrows,

Betwixt the Bake-hous and the Brew-hous
On Twenty Shilling now he tarrows,

To ryd the Heigait by the Plewis;
But were I King, and haif gude Fallows,
In Norroway they fould heir of Newis,
I fould him tak, and all his Marrows,
And hing them hich upon zon Hewis,
And thairto plichts my Hand.
And all thir Lordis and Barronis grit,
Upon an Gallows fould I knit,
That this down treddit has our Quhit:
This faid Jok Up-a-land.

#### III.

But wald ilk Lord that our Law leids,
To Husbands Ressone do with Skill,
To chak thir Chiftains be the Heids,
And hing them heich upon ane Hill;
Then Husbands labour micht their Steids,
And Preists micht pattir and pray their Fill:
For Husbands sould nocht haif sic Pleids,
And Scheip and Nolt micht ly full still,
And Stakis and Rukis micht stand;

For fen they raid amang our Dorrs, With Splent on Spald and joufty Spurrs, Thair grew nae Fruit intill our Furrs:

This faid Jok Up-a-land.

#### IV.

Tak a pure Man a Scheip or twae,
For Hungir or for Falt of Fude,
To five or fax wie Bairns or mae,
They will him hang in Halters rude;
But gif an tak a Flok or fae,
A Bow of Ky, and lat them blude,
Full faifly may he ryd or gae:
I wait nocht gif thir Laws be gude,
I fchrew them first them fand.
O Jesu, for thy haly Passioun,
Grant to him Grace that weirs the Crown,
To ding thir mony Kings all doun:
This said Jok Up-a-land.

Quod KENNEDY.





#### THE

## Garment of gude LADYIS.



I.

WALD my gude Lady lufe me best, And work aftir my Will, I fould a Garment gudliest, Gar mak hir Body till.

II.

OF Honour hie fould be hir Hude, Upon hir Heid to weir, Garnist with Governance sae gude, Nae demyeng sould hir deir.

III.

HIR Sark fould be, hir Body nixt,
Of Chassitie sae quhyte,
With Schame and Dreid togither mixt,
The same sould be perfyt.

IV. HIR

#### IV.

HIR Kirtle of the clene Constance,
Doun laist with lesum Luve;
The Melzies of Continuance,
For nevir to remuve.

#### V.

Hir Goun fould be of Gudlienes, Weil Riband with Renown, Purfillt with Plefour in ilk Place, And furt with fyne Faffoun.

#### VI.

Hir Belt fould be of Benignitie,
About hir Midil meit,
Hir Mantil of Humilitie,
To tholl baith Wind and Weit.

#### VII.

HIR Hat fould be of fair Having, Hir Tipat of the Truth; Hir Paitlet of ay gude paufing, Hir Hals Riban of Rewth.

#### VIII.

Hir Sleives fould be of Esperance,
To keip hir frae Dispair;
Hir Gluves of the best Governance,
To hyd hir Fingers fair.

#### IX.

Hir Shune fould be of Sickerness,
In Time that scho nocht slyd;
Hir Hose of Honesty express,
I sould for hir provyde.

#### X.

Wald scho put on this Garment gay, I durst sweir be my Seill, That scho wore nevir Grene nor Gray, That set hir half so weil.

Quod Mr. Rob. HENRYSON.



To the Honour of the Ladyis, and the Fortification of their Fame.

T.

Just to declair the hie Magnificence,
And Bountie grit that in the Ladyis is,
The Wirdyness and Verteus Excelence,
The Laud, the Truth, the Bewtie, and the Bliss,
My Barbir Tung unworthy is I wiss;
But nocht the less my Pen I will apply,
To say the Suth, thoch Eloquence I miss,
Of Femenyne the Fame to fortify.

II.

THOCHT Doctors auld Addresses thair Delyt,
To dyt of Ladys Defamation,
Wae worth the Wicht sould set his Appityte,
To reid sic Rolls of Reprobation;
But tittar mak plain Proclamation,
To gather all sic Lybills bisselie,
And in the Fyre mak thair Location,
Of Femenyne the Fame to fortisse.

III. For

#### III.

For quho fae lift the Richt trew to reherfe,
To humane Glore they mak Habilitie;
Quhen Men ar fad at them folace they ferfs,
As Habitickles of all Humanity,
They bring grit Weirs aft to Tranquilitie,
Malice of Men they meis and pacifie,
To Saul and Body baith Utilitie;
Therfore all Men thair Fame fould fortifie.

#### IV.

Althocht a Man had as much Gude to spend
As all the Empyres of this Globe around;
Wer Women wanting Weil-fare were at End,
Without thair Comfort Care sould him consound;
Quhair they abyde thair Bliss does ay abound,
And quhair they slie Felicetie gaes by;
Bot thair Solace nae Sage may be eir sound;
Thairfore all Men thair Fame sould fortisie.

#### V.

SEN GOD has grantit them fic Gudliness,
And formid them after sae fyne fassoun,
Syne put sic bluming Bewtie in thair Face,
Quhy sould not Men hald them of grit Renown?
Sen

Sen God has given to them fae grit Guerdoun, And with fic Meiknes does them magnifie, Quhy fould Men mak to them Comparisone, But owre all quhair thair Fames to fortifie?

#### VI.

OF Mary myld, the Maid imaculate, To fortifie of Femenyne the Fame, CHRYST was incarnate and incorporate, And nurift was nyn Months within hir Wame; And aftir born, and bocht us frae the Blame Of Bellial, that brint us bitterlie; That heavenly Honour faves the Sex frae Shame, And owre all quhair thair Fame dois fortifie.

Quod STEWART.





THE

## DAUNCE.

**→**♦♦♦**=** 

I.

OF Februar the fiftein Nicht,
Richt lang before the Dayis Licht,
I lay intill a Trance,
And then I faw baith Heaven and Hell,
Methocht amang the Feynds fell
Mahoun gart cry a Daunce,
Of Shrewis that wer nevir fchrevin
Against the Feist of Fasterns Evin,
To mak thair Observance;
He bad Galands gae graith a Gyis,
And cast up Gamonds to the Skyes,
That last came out of France.

#### II.

Let fee, quod he, now quha begins:
With that the foull feven deadly Sins
Begouth to leip attains;
And first of all the Daunce was Pryde,
With Hair wyld back, Bonnet on Syde,
Lyk to mak vaistie Wains;
And round about him as a Quheil,
Hang all in Rumples to his Heil
His Kethat for the Nains:
Mony proud Trumpour with him trippit
Throw skaldan Fyre, ay as they skipit
They girnd with hydious Granes.

#### III.

Hellie Harlots on hawtane Ways
Came in with mony findry Gyis,
Zit nevir leuch Mahoun,
Till Preifts came with bare schaven Necks,
Then all the Feynds leuch and made Gecks,
Black-wame and Bawfy-broun.

#### IV.

THEN Yre came in with Sturt and Stryfe,
His Hand was ay upon his Knyfe,
He brandeift lyk a Beir:
Boafters, Braggers and Barganers
Aftir him passd all in be Pairs,
All boddin in Feir of Weir;
In Jacks, Stripps, and Bonnets of Steil,
Thair Leggs wer chenziet to the Heil,
Frawart was thair Affeir;
With Brands sum on uther best,
Sum jagit uthers to the Hest
With Knives that Scheip coud scheir.

#### V.

NEXT followd in the Daunce, Envy,
Filld full of Feid and Fellony,
Hid Malyce and Difpyt;
For privy Hate that Traytor trembled,
Him followd mony Freik, diffembled
With fenzied Words quhyte,

And Flatterers into Mens Faces,
And Back-byters of fundry Races,
To lie that had Delyte,
With Rownars vyle of false Leisings;
Allace! that Courts of nobil Kings
Of sic can neer be quyte.

#### VI.

Nixt him in Daunce came Covetyce,
Rute of all Ill, and Grund of Vyce,
That neir could be content;
Catyvs, Wretches and Ockerars,
Hud Pykes, Hurders and Gatherers,
All with that Warlo went:
Out of thair Throts they shot on uther,
Het moltin Gold methocht a Futher,
As Fyre-flaucht maist fervent;
Ay as they tuimt themsells of Schot,
Feynds filld them weil up to the Throt
With Gold of all kynd Prent.

#### VII.

Syne Sweirnes at the fecond Bidding Came lyk a Sow out of a Midding, Full fleipy was his Grunzie; Mony fweir bumbard Belly-huddron,
Mony Slut, Daw, and fleipy Duddron,
Him ferved ay with Sounzie:
He drew them furth intill a Chenzie,
And Belial with a Bridall Renzie
Ay lashit them on the Lunzie.
In Daunce they wer sae slaw of Feit,
They gaif them in the Fyre a Heit,
Made them quicker of Cunzie.

#### VIII.

THEN Lechery, that laithly Corfs,
Berand lyk to a bagit Horfs,
And Ydleness did him leid;
Ther was with him ane ugly Sort,
And mony a stynkand foull Tramort
That had in Sin bene deid:
Quhen they wer enterit in the Daunce,
They wer full strange of Countenance,
Lyk Turkas burnand reid;
All led they uther by the
Suppose they syket with thair
It micht be nae Remeid.

#### IX.

Then the foull Monster, Gluttony,
With Wame unsatiate and greidy,
To daunce syn did him dress;
Him followit mony a foull Drunkart
With Can and Colep, Cop and Quart,
In Surfet and Excess;
Full mony a waistless wally Drag,
With Wames unwyldy did forth wag
In Creish, that did incress;
Drink, ay they cryd, with mony a Gaip,
The Feynds gave them het Lead to laip,
Thair Lovery was nae less.

#### X.

NAE Minstralls playd to them bot Dout,
For Glie-men ther war haldin out
Be Day and eik by Nicht;
Except a Minstrall that slew a Man,
Sae till his Heritage he wan,
Entert be Breif of Richt.

XI. THEN

#### XI.

Then cryd Mahoun for a Earfe Padzean,
Syn ran a Feynd to fetch Makfadzean,
Far Northwart in a Nuke;
Be he the Correnoch did schout,
Earfe Men so gatherit him about,
In Hell grit Rume they tuke:
That Tarmagants with Tag and Tatter,
Full loud in Earse begoud to clatter
And rowp lyk Ravin and Rowk;
The Deil sae deivt was with thair Yell,
That in the deipest Pot of Hell
He smorit them all with Smuke.





## Follows the Tournament between the Soutar and Tailzior.

——>:>·:>···<:-<--

I.

That lang before in Hell was tryd,
In Prefence of Mahoun,
Betwisch a Tailzior and a Soutar,
A Prick-Louse and a Hobell-Clouter,
The Barress was made boun;
The Tailzior baith with Speir and Sheild,
Convoyit was into the Feild,
With mony a Lymmar-Loun,
Of Seme-byters and Beist-knappers,
Of Stomok-stealers and Claith-takers,
A graceles Garrisoun.

II. His

II.

His Banner was born him before,
Quherin was Clouts a hundred Score,
Ilk ane of diverse Heu,
And all stown out of findry Webs,
For quhyle the Greik Se slows and ebs,
Tailziors will neir be trew:
The Tailzior on the Barrows blent,
Allace! he tint all Hardyment,
For Feir he changit Hew:
Mahoun came forth and maid him Knicht,
Nae Ferlie thocht his Heart was licht,
That to sic Honour grew.

#### III.

THE Tailzior hecht before Mahoun,
That he fuld ding the Soutar doun,
Wer he strang as a Mast;
But quhen he on the Barrous blenkit,
His clouted Courage fairly schrinkit,
His Heart did all owre-cast:

Quhen to the Soutar he did cum,
Of all fic Words he was quyte dum,
Sae fair he was agaft.
In Heart he tuke fae great a Scunder,
A Rak of Farts lyke ony Thunder,
Flew frae him Blaft for Blaft.

#### IV.

THE Soutar to the Feild him dreft,
He was convoyid out of the Weft,
As an Deffender flout.
Suppose he had nae lufty Varlet,
He had full mony a loufy Harlot,

Round ryding him about. His Banner was of barkit Hyd, Quherin Saint Girnega did glyd,

Before that Rebald Rout: Full Soutar lyke he was of Laits; For ay betwifh his Harnes Plaits, The Uly burftit out.

#### V.

Quhen on the Tailzior he did luke, His Heart a litle Dwaming tuke, He micht not richt upfit, Into his Stommok was fic a Steir,
Of all his Denner quhilk he coft deir,
His Breaft held Deil a Bit:
To comfort him or he raid furder,
The Deil of Knichthude gaif him Order,
Fou fair fyne did he fpit;
And he about the Devils Neck,
Did fpew again a Quart of Blek,
Thus knichtly he him quit.

#### VI.

THEN Fourty Times the Feynd cryd, Fy,
The Soutar richt afearedly,
Unto the Feild he focht:
Quhen they were ferved with their Speirs,
Folk had a Feil be their Effeirs,
Their Hearts were baith on Flocht,
They fpurd their Hors on either Syde,
Syne they outowre the Grund coud glyd,
And them togither brocht.
The Tailzior that was nocht weil fitten,
He left his Sadle all beshitten,
And to the Grund he socht.

#### VII.

His Harnes brak and made a Brattle,
The Soutars Horfs lap with a Ratle,
And round about coud reil:
The Beift that frayed was richt evil,
Ran with the Soutar to the Devil,
Him he rewardit weil:
Sumthing frae him the Feynd eshewd,
He wont again to bein bespewd,
So stern he was in Steil:
He thocht again he wald debate him,
He turnd his Erse, and all bedret him,
Ein quyte frae Neck to Heil.

#### VIII.

HE lowfit it aff with fic a Reird;
He dang baith Hors and Man till Eard,
He fartit with fic Feir.
Now haif I quit thee, quoth Mahoun,
Thir new made Knichts lay baith in Swoun,
And did all Arms mensweir;

The Deil gart them to Dungeon dryve,
And them of Knichthude could depryve,
Discharging them of Weir,
And made them Harlots baith for evir,
Quhilk still to keip they had far levir
Nor ony Arms to beir.

#### IX.

I had mair of their Warks written,
Had not the Soutar bein beshitten,
With Belials Ers unblist.
But that sae gude a Bourd methocht,
Sic Solace to my Heart it brocht,
For Lauchter neir I brist:
Quherthrow I wakenit frae my Trance,
To put this in Rememberance,
Micht no Man me resist;
For this said Justing it besell,
Besoir Mahoun the Air of Hell,
Now trew this gif ze list.

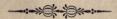
Here ends the Soutar and the Tailziors War, Made be the noble Poet Wm. Dunbar.





#### Follows ane

Amends made to the forefaid Knichts of the Birs and Thumble; In Case his Joke should them provok Owr sair to girn and grumble.



I.

BETWISHT the Twelt Hour and Elevin, I dreamd an Angel came frae Heavin, With Pleafand Stevin fayand on hie, Tailziors and Soutars blift be ze.

II.

HIGH up for zou is ordaind a Place, Abune all Saints in great Solace, In Happyness and Dignity, Tailziors and Soutars blift be ze.

#### III.

THE Cause to you is not unkend, Natures Neglect ye do amend, Be Crast and great Agility, Tailziors and Soutars blist be ze.

#### IV.

Soutars with Schune weil made and meit, Ze mend the Faults of illfard Feit, Quherfore to Heavin zour Sauls will flie, Soutars and Tailziors blift be ze.

#### V.

THERIS not in this Fair a Flyrock, That has upon his Feit a Wyrock, Knoul Taes, or Mouls in nae Degre, But ze can hyde them, blift be ze.

#### VI.

And Tailziors ze with weil made Clais, Can mend the warft made Man that gaes, And mak him feinly lyk to fee, Tailziors and Soutars blift be ze.

VII. THOCHT

#### VII.

THOCHT ane fuld haif a broken Back, Haif he a Tailzior gude, quhat-rak, Heill cover it richt craftely, Tailziors and Soutars blift be ze.

#### VIII.

OF all great Kindes may ze claim, The cruke Backs, and the Criple, Lame, Ay howdrand Faults with zour fuplie, Tailziors and Soutars blift be ze.

#### IX.

In Eard ze kyth fic Ferlys heir, In Heavin ze fall be Saints full cleir, Tho ze be Knaves in this Countrie. Soutars and Tailziors blift be ze.

Quod Dunbar.





The Luvers Mane that dares not affay.

• \* •••••

I.

Ouhen Flora had owrfrett the Firth,
In May of ilka Moneth Quene,
Quhen Merle and Mavis fings with Mirth,
Sweit Melling in the Schaws fae fchene,
When Luvers all rejosit bene,
And maist difyrous of thair Prey,
I hard a lusty Luver mene,
I luve, but I dare not assay!

II.

STRANG ar the Pains I daylie pruve,
But zit with Patience I fustene,
I am sae settert in the Luve,
Only of my sweit Lady schene,
Quhilk for her Bewtie micht be Quene,
Nature sae craftily alway,
Has done depaint that sweit Serene,
Quhom I luve, and dare not assay.

III. Scho

#### III.

Scho is fae bricht of Hyd and Hew,
I luve but hir allone I wene,
Is nane hir Luve that may eschew,
That blenks fae of that dulce Amene;
Sae comelie cleir ar hir twa Ene,
That scho mae Luvers does effrey,
Then eir of Greice did fair Helene,
Quhome I luve, and dar not affay.

Quod STEWART.





### Ane litle Interlude of the Droichs.



I

HIRRY, hary, hobbilfchow,
Se ze not quha is cum now,
But zit wate I nevir how,
Brocht with the Quhirl-wind;
A Sargeand out of Soudoun Land,
A Gyane strang in Limbs to stand,
That with the Strength of my awin Hand
May Bairs and Bugles bind.

II.

Quha is then cum heir, but I
A bauld and bowfteous Bellomy,
Amang zou all to cry a Cry
With a maift michty Soun?
I generit am of Gyans kynd,
Frae hardy Hercules be Strynd,
Of all the Occident and Ynd,
My Elders woir the Croun.

III. My

#### III.

My fore Grandfyre heicht Fynmackoull,
Quha dang the Deil, and gart him zoul,
The Skyes raind Fludes quhen he wald fkoul,
He trublit all the Air.
He gat my Gudfyre Gog Magog,
He, when he daunft, the Warld wald fchog,
Then Thousand Ells zied in his Frog
Of Highland Plaids, and mair.

#### IV.

Sic was he quhen of tendir Zouth,
But aftir he grew mair at Fouth,
Elevin Myle wyde mett was his Mouth,
His Teith was ten Myles squair:
He wald upon his Tais upstand,
And tak the Starns down with his Hand,
And set them in a Gold Garland,
Abuve his Wyses Hair.

#### V.

His Wyfe scho mekle was of Clift, Her Heid wan heicher than the Lift, The Hevin reirdit quhen scho did rift, The Lass was naithing sklender: Scho fpat Loch-lowmond with hir Lips,
Thunder and Fyre flew frae hir Hips,
Quhen scho was crabbit, the Sun thold Clips;
The Feynd durst nocht offend hir.

#### VI.

For Cauld scho tuke the Fever Tartane, For all the Claith in *France* and *Bartane* Wald not be to hir Leg a Gartane,

Thocht scho was zung and tendir:
Upon a Nicht heir in the North,
Scho tuke the Gravel, and staild Craig-gorth,
And pischt the grit Watter of Forth,
Sic Tyd ran aftirhind hir.

#### VII.

Ane Thing written of hir I find,
In Yrland quhen scho blew behind,
On Norway Coist scho raist the Wind,
And grit Schips drownit thair:
Then scho sischt all the Spainzie Seis,
With hir Sark Lap betwix hir Theyis,
And thre Days sailing tween hir Kneis
It was esteemd and mair.

VIII. THE

X. ANE

#### VIII.

The hingan Braes on Adir Syde
Scho powtert with hir Lymms fae wyde;
Laffes micht lair at hir to ftryde,
Wald gae to Luvairs lair.
Scho markit to the Land with Mirth,
Scho quhirrd fyve Quhails into the Firth,
Had croppin on hir \*Geig for Girth,
Walterand amang the Wair.

#### IX.

My Fader mekle Gow Macmorne,
Out of his Moders Wame was schorne,
For Littlenes scho was forlorn,
Sican a Kemp to beir:
Or he of Age was Zeirs thre,
He wald stap owre the Ocean Se,
The Mone sprang neir abune his Knie,
The Heavens had of him Feir.

<sup>\*</sup> A Kind of an old fashioned Net used now for catching of Spouts.

#### X.

Ane thousand Ziers ar past frae Mynd,
Sen I was generit of his Kynd,
Far furth in Desarts of the Ynd,
Amang Lyon and Beir:
Worthy King Arthur and Gawane,
And mony a bauld Bairn of Bartane
Ar deid, and in the Wars are slain,
Sen I could weild a Speir.

#### XI.

THE Sophie and the Sowdown strang,
With Battles that haif lastit lang,
Out of thair Bounds has maid me gang,
And turn to Turkie tyte.
The King of Francis grit Armie
Has brocht a Derth in Lombardie,
That in the Countrie I and he
Can nocht dwell baith perfyte.

#### XII.

Swadrick, Danmark, and Noraway, Nor in the Steids I dar not gae, For ther is nocht but burn and flae, Cut Thropples and mak quyte. Yrland for ay I haif refufit,
All wyfe Men will hald me excufit;
For neir in Land wher Earfe is ufit,
To dwell had I delyt.

#### XIII.

I haif bene foremost ay in Feild,
And now sae lang haif born the Scheild,
That I am crynit in for Eild
This litle, as ze may se:
I haif bene banist undir the Lynd
This lang Tyme, that nane could me fynd,
Quhyle now with this last Eistin Wynd,
I am cum heir perdie.

#### XIV.

My Name is Welth, therfore be blyth,
I am cum Comfort zou to kyth,
Suppose ilk Wretch suld wail and wryth,
All Derth I sall gar die:
For certainly the Truth to tell,
I cum amang ze now to dwell,
Far frae the Sound of Curphour Bell,
To live I neir sall drie.

XV. Now

#### XV.

Now fen I am fic Quantitie
Of Gyans cum, as ze may fe,
Quhair will be gotten a Wyfe for me,
Of ficlyk Breid and Hicht?
In all this Bour is not a Bryde
Ane Hour I wate dar me abyde,
Zet trow ze ony Heir befyde
Micht fuffer me all Nicht.

#### XVI.

ADEW a quhyle, for now I gae,
But I will not lang byde ze frae,
I wisch ze be conserst from Wae,
Baith Maiden, Wyse and Man:
God bless them and the haly Rude,
Gif me a Drink, se it be gude,
And quha trows best that I do lude,
Skink first to me the Kan.

FINIS. The Droichs Part of a Play.





Auld Kyndness quite forzet quhen ane grows pure.



I.

This Warld is all but fenziet fair,
And as unftable as the Wind,
And Faith is flemit I wat not quhair,
Trest Fallowship is ill to find,
Gude Consciences is all made blind,
And Charity thairs nane to get;
Leil Luve and Lawty lys behind,
And auld Kyndness is quite forzet.

II.

QUHYLE I had ony Thing to fpend,
And stuffit weil with Warlds Wrack,
Amang my Friends I was weil kend;
Quhen I was proud and had a Pack,
They wad me be the Oxter tak;
And at the hich Buird I was set,
But now they let me stand aback,
Sen auld Kyndness is quite forzet.

III. Now

#### III.

Now I can find but Friends few,
Sen I was prized to be pure,
They hald me now but for a Shrew;
Of me they tak but little Cure;
All that I do is but Injure:
Thocht I be bair I may not bett,
They let me ftand upon the Flure,
Sen auld Kyndness is quite forzet.

#### IV.

Sen I held part with Povertie,
Away fen that my Pack was spendit,
Adieu all Liberality.
The Proverb now is trew I see,
Quha may not give will little get;
Therefore to say the Verity,
Now auld Kyndness is quite forzet.

SUPPOSE I mein I am nocht mendit,

#### V.

THEY wald me hals with Hude and Hat,

Quhyle I was rich and had enouch,

About me Friends enow I gat;

Richt blythly then on me they leuch,

But now they mak it wonder teuch,

And lets me stand before the Zet;

Therfoir this Warld is very freuch,

And auld Kyndness is quite forzet. VI. As

#### VI.

As lang as my ain Cap stude even,
I zied but seindle myne allane,
I squyrit was with Sax or Sevin,
Ay quhyle I gave them twa for ane;
But suddenly frae that was gane,
They passd me by with Hands plett,
With puirtith frae I was oertane,
Then auld Kyndness was quite forzet.

#### VII.

Into this Warld fuld nae Man trow,
Thou may weil fee the Reason quhy;
For ay but gif thy Hand be fou,
Thou art but little setten by,
Thou art not tane in Company,
Bot ther be fund Fish in thy Net:
Therfore this false Warld I defy,
Sen auld Kyndness is quite forzet.

#### VIII.

Sen that nae Kyndness kepit is,
Into this Warld that is present,
Gif thou wald cum to Heavins Bliss,
Thyself appleist with sober Rent,
Live weil and give with gude Intent,
To every Man his proper Debt,
Quhat eir God send hald thee content,
Sen auld Kyndness is quite forzet.

AD-



# ADVICE to be Liberal and Blyth.



I.

I Make it kend, he that will fpend,
And luve God late and Air,
He will him mend, and Grace him fend,
Quhyle Catives shall have Care:
But Praise weil pend, sall him comend,
That of his Rowth can spare;
We knaw the End, that all maun wend
Away nakit and bare,
With an O and an I,
And a Wretch sall haif nae mair,
But a schort Sheit at Heid and Feit,
For all his Wrak and Ware.

#### II.

For all the Wrak a Wretch can pack,
And in his Bags embrace,
Zit Deid fall tak him be the Back,
And gar him cry Alace!
Then fall he fwak, away with Lak,
And wate not to what Place,
Then will they mak, at him a Knack,
That maift of his Geir hes;
With ane O and an I,
Quhyle we haif Tyme and Space,
Mak we gude Cheir, quhyle we are heir,
And thankful be for Grace.

#### III.

Were there a King to rax and ring,
Amang Gude-fallows crownd,
Wretches wad wring, and mak Murning,
For Dule they fould be drownd.
Quha finds a Dring, or auld or zing,
Gar hoy him out and hound.

Now let us fing, our Cares to ding,
And mak a gladfome Sound,
With an O and ane I:
Now are we further bound,
Drink thou to me, and I to thee,
And let the Cap go round.

#### IV.

Quha understude, suld have his Gude,
Or he were closed in Clay,
Sum in thair Mude they wald ga wid,
And die lang or thair Day;
Not worth a Hude, or an auld Snude
Thou shall bear hence away;
Wretch be the Rude, now to conclude,
Full sew sall for thee pray,
With an O and ane I,
Gude Fallows as langs we may,
Be merry and free, syne blyth let us be,
And sing on tway and tway.

Quod Jo. BLYTH.

The End of the first Volume.



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